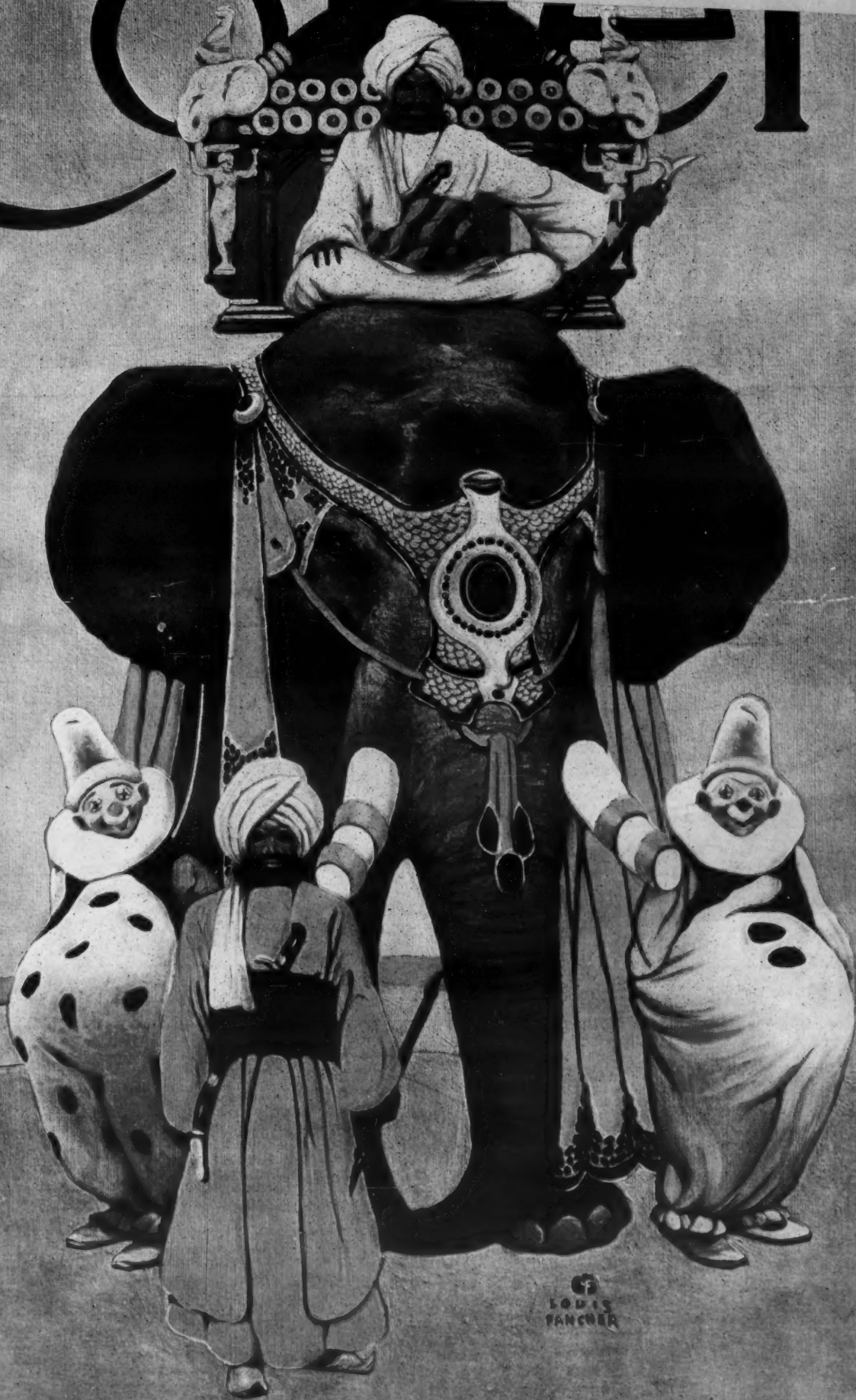


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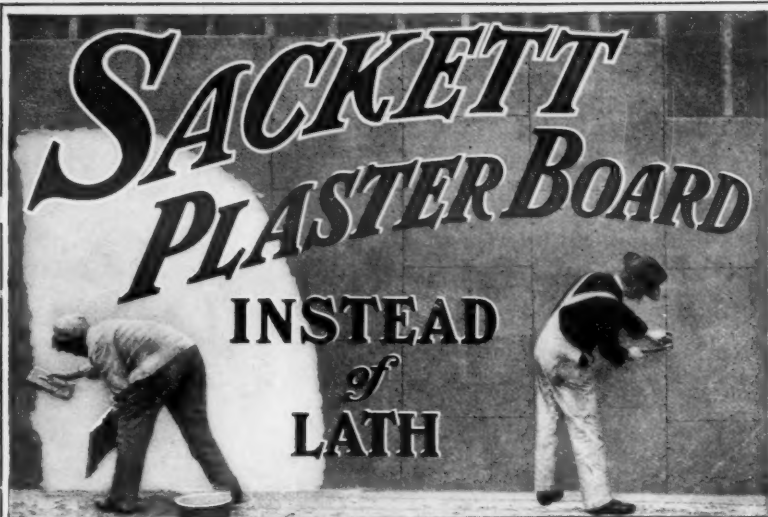
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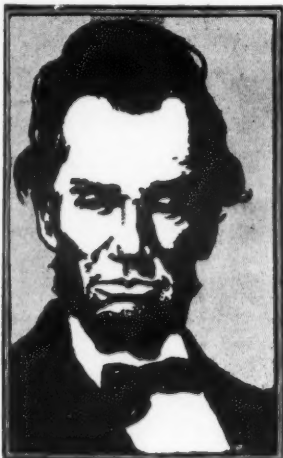
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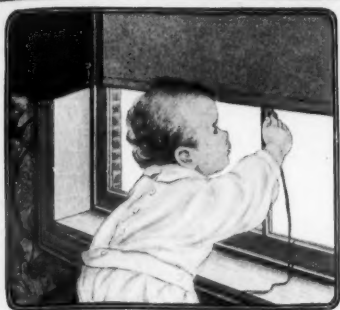
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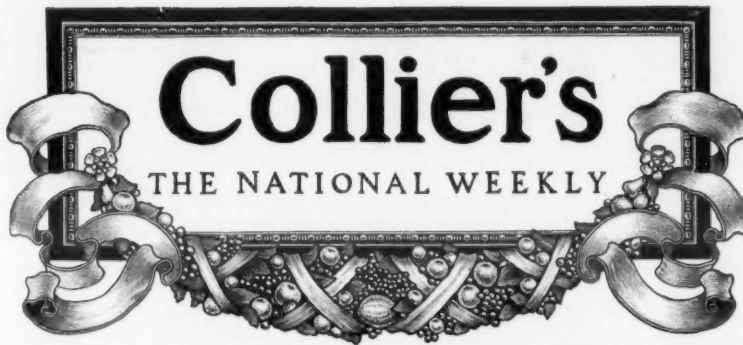
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1907

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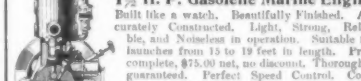
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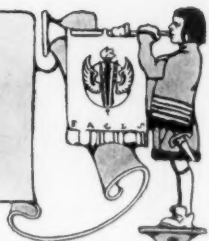


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SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1937



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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1907

Vortrekkers of Civilization

Next week Richard Harding Davis's "The Coasters of West Africa" will appear, and will open our eyes to a knowledge of just the kind of men who are clearing jungle paths, preaching the Gospel to Congo cannibals, sweating over account books in sun-baked offices, making the ways straight. Travelers from Southampton to Cape Town usually see nothing of the West Coast, being intent on the greater lure of Kimberley and the better-known South Africa. But on the *Bruxellesville*, where the winch Kroo boys, the Belgian officers, and the *Sœurs Blanches* lean over the rail and watch England fade, it is known that the untramped places lie before. The photographs accompanying the article will show this polyglot shipboard community, and, besides these, Reuter Dahl has made three drawings in color that suggest the "coaster" and the type of ship he uses. The ship, by the way, lacks something of the size and magnificence of a Cunarder.

"His Wife"

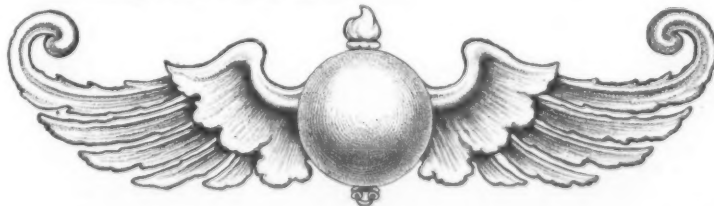
Mr. Whitman's story, which won the \$1,000 prize in the last quarter of 1906, was selected from thirteen accepted stories that reached probably a higher average than in any previous quarterly contest, or in the original \$5,000 contest. It will be published on May 18. It is not a long story, using only about 4,000 words in the telling, but it treats convincingly a large and simple happening. "His Wife" is illustrated in colors by Keller, and the story suggested the cover design by J. C. Leyendecker. The third of "Cir's" cartoons in color appears next week. "The Thunderer" will be recognized at a glance, and if the quotation from Horace puzzles you—being some years away from the glib rendering of the Odes—just think of how Theodore the First would have expressed himself in robust Latin. On June 1, "Cir." will show us Fairbanks, as mild and spiritual as Roosevelt is pictured thunderous.

Harry Orchard's Confession

C. P. Connolly, in his second article, to be printed soon, brings the Moyer-Haywood case up to the arrest of the defendants and the preparation of the trial which is now on at Boise. It is largely the personal history of Harry Orchard, who confessed to planting the bomb that killed ex-Governor Steunenberg, and the career of the murdered man. There is a puzzling point to be cleared up in this case—the workings of the law of habeas corpus—and Mr. Connolly's article will explain that no special law has been created to capture and punish Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone. It is vital to a fair understanding of the trial that this should be insisted upon.

The Hurrilegs

Next week Mr. Gullible, guided by Wallace Irwin, and accompanied by Strothmann with a portfolio of pictures in color, will come to the Island of Manhattan. He comes fresh from a two years' residence with the Emperor of New Jersey, a cultivated man who liked to read aloud from the Congressional Record. Among the observations which he jotted down soon after his arrival was this: "The principal occupations of the Hurrilegs are outlawry, philanthropy, art, arson, advertising, building, dynamiting, and foot-racing." Speed, he found, is the only recognized and revered virtue. Mr. Gullible wouldn't have lasted as long in the city as a mouse in a Long Island cattery if he hadn't fallen by chance upon the mystic passwords to Manhattan, "I am out for the stuff." Having survived Manhattan, Mr. Gullible will tell later about his experiences in other cities and among other strange peoples.



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DRAWN BY ALBERT STERNER

Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE SHELL GAME is Protean and eternal, and for the innocent needs ever to be explained. Just now that form of it known as mining enterprises doth flourish mightily. Most mines, as we have heretofore observed, are made of ink, and never see a pick. Don't purchase mining shares

that you read about in glowing advertisements. Keep your little savings and leave them to your children. Last week we expressed some curiosity about whether directors in reputable banking institutions, even savings banks, could actually be involved in

WALNUT SHELLS

these get-rich-quick diversions. We sighed a little about the Knickerbocker Trust Company's part therein, wishing a trust company might never act as registrar of a stock until it is satisfied that there is a high standard in all ways. As the Porcupine, which advertised that it was "composed mainly of NATIONAL and SAVINGS BANK and TRUST COMPANY OFFICIALS," also advertised that twenty-five per cent dividends are "assured" from the first year's operation, and at least fifty per cent thereafter, the misleading nature of the advertisement did not require even investigation. We did, however, feel enough interest in bank directors to do a little investigating from the point of view of their ideas about being responsible for the promise of such profits.

WHAT DID WE FIND? E. V. LOEW, president of the American Savings Bank, New York, cheered us by declaring that he was not in the Porcupine Syndicate, knew nothing of it, and was unaware that his name was being used. D. S. Cook, president of the First National Bank of Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, wrote that he was "a very small stockholder." Mr. A. D. COLLINS, however, president of the Shrewsbury Savings Institution, at Shrewsbury, Pennsylvania, evidently felt no embarrassment. His letter read: "Yours of the 20th inst., asking if I am a member of the syndicate in control of the Porcupine Gold Mining Company, is received, and in reply would say that I am." J. F. LANE, cashier of the Scandinavian

SAVINGS-BANK DIRECTORS

American Bank, Seattle, telegraphs: "Am director in syndicate organized by HARVEY CONRAD and New York parties, Porcupine district." C. C. FRICK, vice-president of the Security, Title, and Trust Company, York, Pennsylvania, says: "If I am a member of any syndicate controlling the Porcupine Mine, I do not know it. I have a small holding in the company and have a 'call' on a large block of stock, but I do not know anything about being in control, or one of the parties in control." We do not mean to hint that the Porcupine is not good property. It may or may not be. We know nothing about it. What we should be glad to hear from men in control of trust companies, national banks, and savings banks is something about the proper attitude of bank directors toward schemes promising the innocent public 25 and 50% profit "assured."

THE PRESIDENT'S CELERITY is not equaled by his cunctation. No thinking man believes that his public attack on MOYER and HAYWOOD when they were on trial for their lives proved the nicest sense of justice. But when the friends of these gentlemen protested, it was too easy for so talented a

PRESIDENT AND MINERS

politician as Mr. ROOSEVELT to observe the wide-open guard and land heavily on what the sporting reporters would call the solar-plexus. The President is a very able expert in public opinion, he knows when and how to be brave, and when he slid from defense to attack in the Moyer-Haywood matter, he spoke with energy suited to the strength of his position—with energy which a less brilliant politician would shrink from using against so strong a labor union. When the President is entirely right, as he was in de-

scribing the violent, incendiary, and ridiculous position of many Socialists and Western unionists regarding the present trial, he often comes out with a straightness that is refreshing. The folly of the campaign of threats, waged to influence the trial in Idaho, and generally to use the occasion for stirring up the class war which is these people's gospel, could not be illustrated more clearly than by their attack on the President, where, in mentioning an error on his part, they succeeded in showing how infinitely more guilty they were of the same fault, as well as of others far more dangerous. And they succeeded in focusing public attention on their evil methods, with a completeness of self-injury not often equaled.

OUT OF MR. CONNOLLY'S narrative, begun in this issue, clearly stands the fact that neither side has ever been wholly right in Idaho. Who began it matters little; the history has been a swinging pendulum from excess by the miners to excess by the constituted authorities. Probably a majority of each local union were law-abiding men; but a small minority of thugs and criminals made the color, character, and direction of the whole. The thugs intimidated not only those outside the unions, but the better elements within, and used the union as a fearful weapon of brutality. Then, when the mine owners, with the aid of the Federal troops, got the upper hand, they used the course of law, not for justice, but for retaliation. Righteous men within the unions erred in allowing thugs to dominate them, righteous men outside erred in permitting the forces of order to be used by the mine owners for purposes for which no shred of justification can be found.

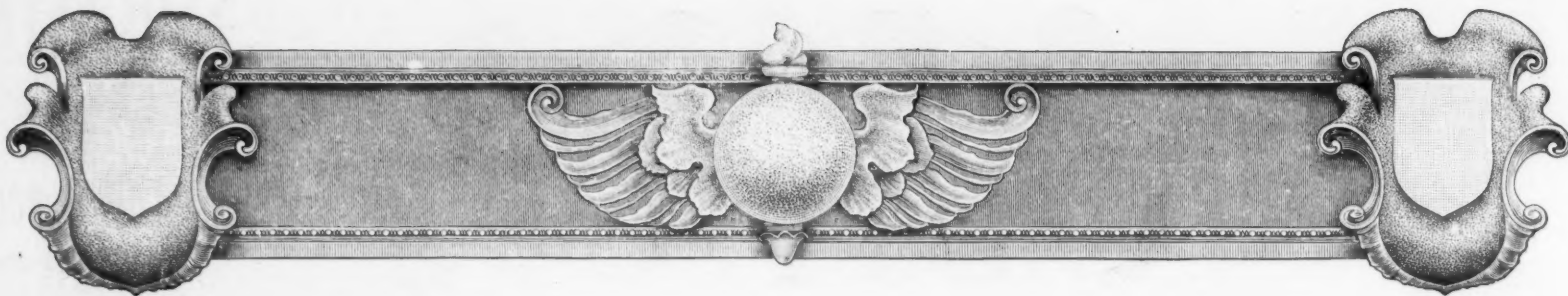
THE PAST IN IDAHO

LITTLE SENATOR-CHAIRMAN-GENERAL DICK of Ohio has spoken. He assures us that once FORAKER is in the White House we may expect no reactionary policy which will hinder the development of the country by the railroads. Hitherto we had thought that FORAKER favored the government ownership of everything from trunk lines to cash-carriers in the department stores. The little DICK assures us that all opposition to his colleague is mere "newspaper bellowing." In a year, he avers out of the depths of his political experience, the crowd will be on the other side. Justifiably he may be contemptuous of public sentiment, for he elected himself Senator when nine-tenths of the rank and file of his own party were against him. So sure is he of FORAKER'S nomination for the Presidency that he is already holding out the bait, to the faithful in Columbus, of FORAKER'S seat in the Senate. The remains of the Hanna machine carry a "bluff" as their largest asset now. The little DICK is busy and worried, hurrying back and forth between Akron and Washington and New York. In this hour of trial he does not expect gratitude from the people whom he has never served, but gratitude from that "higher world" to which he has been so loyal. The "higher world," we fear, is always canny, and will do little for DICK before it knows whether any further deliveries may be expected. But DICK'S interest in mining, to be described by Mr. PALMER, makes his devotion to financiers easy to comprehend.

WORRY

SENATOR COLBY'S FUTURE has been considerably discussed, and there has been no small amount of opinion that he would be a strong candidate for Governor of New Jersey. Lucidity, directness, and freedom from pre-occupation with his own future—qualities which have been at the base of his power—now lead him to declare that his progressive group ought to have no candidate for Gov-

GOOD



error, but should confine their efforts to the Assembly. For a politician to come out definitely for a principle that collides with his personal advancement is rare. It constitutes the best example that can be set in public life to-day.

THOUGHT CONCERNING the conditions of work in Panama, the search for causes to explain resignations, must take into account an unknown, scarcely tangible thing which upsets the usual laws of conduct. Writing in a personal letter of the most recent resignation, an energetic, ambitious, young engineer—a Canadian who has been at the head of important work in Central America for a little more than a year—gives some hint of this: "It is all right to speak of STEVENS's quitting as an 'overtrained' stunt, but just wait until you live a year in one of these mountains—bucking climate, want of material (both

**"A TOUCH
O' SUN"**

human and otherwise)—and see if you don't just get to feel that no money or no consideration will hold you. You just quit—and I'm going to do the same thing. For the past seven months I have been in complete charge . . . and I guess I have lived on my nerves. I am all in; haven't the sand of a rabbit. Either a six-weeks at home or else my resignation here—and I don't much care which." The personal equation, like most other things about the tropics and Panama, is still to be made familiar to Americans. We shall certainly know much more about the relation of heat to human nature by the time the Canal is dug.

MOST GOVERNMENTS seem heartily in favor of disarmament by their rivals. As the different Powers express their official attitude toward the Hague Conference it appears that their idea of the dove of peace is of a fighting cock with an olive branch in his beak on festal occasions. England favors smaller armies, as she has a small one herself, in the process of reduction, although even in this she makes the reservation that she could not undertake anything which would be against the interests of her Eastern ally. Japan, having made enormous economic sacrifices to reorganize her army and increase her navy, the Emperor informs the departing delegates that he has always been a preserver of the peace. Russia, having rearmed her army with new field guns, is not asking for reduction of the expensive artillery establishments as she did at

DIFFICULTIES the last conference; but she would be willing to stop naval increases, at least till her navy had regained its relative status. When our own winner of the Nobel prize advocated the limitation of the size of battleships, European observers were quick to notice that it takes us from one to two years longer to construct a *Dreadnought* than it does some other naval Powers. England, who is the most rapid builder with the greatest facilities, would not consider such a move. As a minority of one is sufficient to block any proposition, England's interest settles the President's suggestion. The Kaiser wants no limitations or reductions. In Germany the military power is so surely in the saddle that it does not even make the concession of the olive branch in the beak with which other militant governments conciliate the peaceable elements in public opinion.

FROM DENNIS KEARNEY to RUEF shows a marked evolution in the San Francisco boss. The "sand-lotter" was direct and unrestrained. Chinese exclusion was fairly forced from Congress by the violence of KEARNEY's appeal. A reaction came; the tempestuous DENNIS gave way as ruler to a blind man, Boss BUCKLEY. He was a bulldog, without eyes and with a modulated bark. STEVENSON's first view of BUCKLEY was in a low dive, kept by a giant negro, on the Barbary Coast, when a cursing crowd of longshoremen was quelled to a respectful silence as the Blind Boss was led in to negotiate with the negro for a block of votes. BUCKLEY's rule was long, firm, and frankly venal. San Francisco paid its moderate toll to the machine, and there was a certain amount of respect for BUCKLEY, as reflected in the Chinese description of him as "The Blind White Devil." RUEF, successor to BUCKLEY, keen-eyed, keen-witted, educated, silent, has made KEARNEY and BUCKLEY seem like a type that has passed. He is refinement in crime, after brutality.

10

WITH THE RAPID GROWTH of cities the examination of land titles increases in difficulty and importance. The average suburban lot buyer of small means, naturally, requires some guarantee that he will be protected. At present in all but four of the States his reliance is upon the privately organized title-insurance companies. These institutions have prospered amazingly since the plan was conceived twenty years ago by some genius in Philadelphia. In four States, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, and Minnesota, the Torrens system of land-title registration is in operation. Under that system the State guarantees the validity of all titles registered, and the cost of obtaining the State's guarantee is slight. Difficulty is now being experienced in getting through the New York Legislature the Prentice bill, establishing the Torrens system. Other Legislatures have debated the plan and rejected it, which proves only that the title-guarantee companies, like the ordinary insurance companies, believe that the State which governs least governs best. Massachusetts finds the Torrens law, as yet optional in character, satisfactory; Illinois, California, and Minnesota are applying it without causing a revolution. It is legislation, eminently wise, for the benefit of all.

**THE TORRENS
SYSTEM**

A BREEZY LETTER speaks hopefully of BUSSE, his appointments, his probable intentions, and the lesson learned by politicians in Chicago. The writer's optimism seems to be partly the expression of relief. His style is excellent. "The doddering Dunne bunch were too free from brains to realize or recognize anything." In these words we seem to recognize disappointment and emotion. About BUSSE, we hope our friend is right. The Mayor undoubtedly intends to give an impression of businesslike respectability. But, as heretofore remarked, keep an eye on the department of police. Another instalment of depressing and graphic information about what dishonest police mean to Chicago may be found in the May issue of "McClure's Magazine." Mr. BUSSE ought to have put at the head of the department a man chosen from outside the force, who would have shaken the present system into fragments. What were his motives for not doing so? Unless Chicago becomes as safe to live in as other cities, the administration of BUSSE will be responsible for the continued riot of terror and depravity.

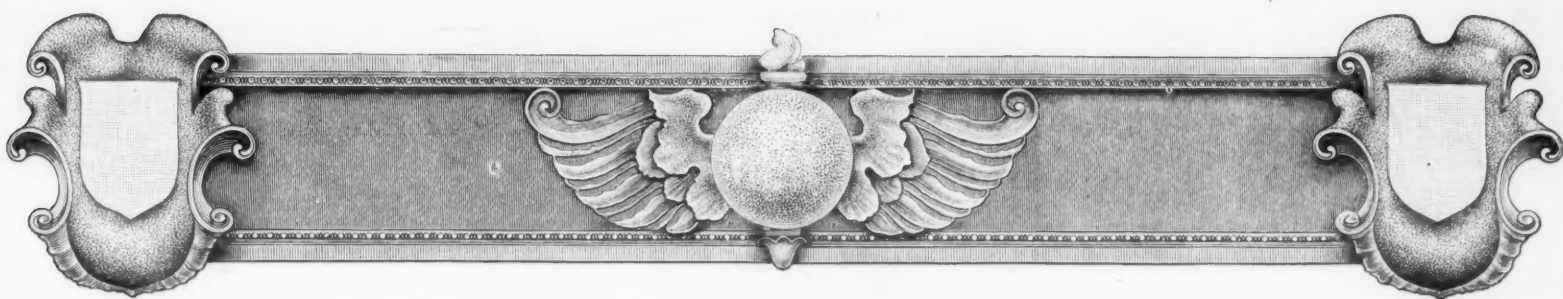
**CHEER FROM
CHICAGO**

THE CONSCIOUSNESS of public property, of "common wealth," and the jealous guarding of it, are among the most obvious characteristics of current political thought. The coal and oil lands in the Indian Territory, owned by the United States, the forests owned by New York State, the franchises owned by every city, are all instances of the widespread impulse to resist transfer to private ownership. Because the wealth is not quite so obvious, there is danger that Chicago and Illinois may allow a corporation to seize a resource as valuable as Niagara. Chicago and the surrounding territory have spent \$53,000,000 to build a canal. Its primary purpose was drainage. A secondary result is an enormous potential water-power. This power a private corporation, the Economy Light and Fuel Company, is about to take advantage of. On the faith of the luscious grab in prospect, it has capitalized itself heavily, and is selling its bonds to the public. A little legislation by the Illinois Legislature would permit the Sanitary District to use and sell this water-power itself. A bill to accomplish this is now pending; it is opposed of course—such bills always are; but it should not fail for want of vigilance on the part of those whose interests are purely public.

**PUBLIC
WEALTH**

IF MEN WISH to mutilate the landscape, they should at least be forced to pay for the profit thereby achieved at least the amount in taxation they would be forced to pay for other structures. Erect a building and you are taxed more than you were when the lot was vacant. Erect a hideous sign, which horrifies your neighbors and is profitable to yourself, and you certainly should be taxed as severely as may be. Wherever it is impossible to regulate billboards, they should at least receive the mild discouragement of paying their share into the public treasury.

BILLBOARDS



ST. LOUIS HAS another newspaper, and one which lays out a just and useful plan. The first copies of the "Times" look as if it intended to appeal to the better side of men and to hold itself on the higher planes of journalism:

"In politics, the 'Times' will stand for the principle of independence in local and State affairs. In these days of disturbed alliances, of political unrest, of distorted party lines, there can be no successful application to local conditions of the colorless theory of political creed. . . . Foreign relations, the finesse of diplomacy, the great game on the world's chess-board, the issues involving national support at home and dignity abroad—these have nothing to do with local government, be it that of town, county, or State. The 'Times' will adhere to this principle absolutely, firm in its confidence that the people will rally around. . . . That which is good for St. Louis; that which makes for the betterment of the Southwest; that which speaks for a better and broader humanity; that which is human and not artificial; that which is honest and just—these things and those akin to them will have the unalterable, persistent, and energetic support of the 'Times.' The plea of partizanship on the mere ground of partizanship will find no support in these columns."

The paper seems not only to lay down right principles, but to mean them earnestly, and it has our enthusiastic wishes for a long and honorable career.

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY" CONTINUES to agitate itself," says the Scranton, Pennsylvania, "Republican," "over the water situation in Scranton, when we want to forget it." Every view of life should have a hearing. This little quotation seems to us admirably to express the wishes or habits or philosophy usually attributed to the ostrich, and ought to give pleasure to that famous and peace-seeking animal.

COLLEGES ARE PERTURBED perennially about the ignorance of literature and style with which youthful America enters their protecting gates. Possibly, from the two causes of immigration and the spread of the college habit beyond the prosperous and protected classes, this massive ignorance is becoming even more impressive. Many arguments are being offered, about it and about. Some think there should be more and better preparation. Others think the schools have had too much responsibility unloaded on them. In all the differences one statement is reiterated. All seem to agree that it is a poor thing to study literary masterpieces with a microscope; to approach MILTON from the point of view of text-book notes; to read SHAKESPEARE in order to learn that let means hinder and coil means trouble. It is, however, about this generally-agreed-upon lament that we are tempted to raise a mild inquiry. We doubt extremely that there

is between exact study of texts and general literary stupidity any causal connection whatsoever. Most young men who labor over books in an effort to learn details about them go away hating literature. True, but most men and women hate literature anyway. How many persons in a thousand, educated, semi-educated, illiterate, American, British, young or old, enjoy MILTON? Of those who do enjoy him, a fair percentage at least enjoy the comprehension of allusions, etymologies, and versification. Of those who do not, the number whose taste for him has been ruined by study equals, probably, exactly none. No doubt an enlightened and magnetic teacher can sometimes start or nourish a love for beauty and significance, but the converse is not true; the plodding scholar will seldom kill what does exist. In spite of recent reports from Harvard and Yale, we are far from convinced that the system of exact study of masterpieces really discourages any of the few who would otherwise be likely ever to prefer DANTE to COLLIER'S, NEWMAN to WILKIE COLLINS, or THUCYDIDES to the daily newspaper.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK SPEAKS with eloquence, in one of his affectionate nature essays, about the deeper charm of older-fashioned flowers, and is rather stern with the gaudier newcomers. Thinking, again, however, he remembers that most of our simplest, commonest varieties are really new. NEW FLOWERS beings, exiles, visitors from afar. The tulip came from Constantinople in the sixteenth century. Balsam, fuchsia, and hollyhock entered northern Europe about that time from the Indies, Mexico, Persia, Syria, and Italy. The pansy appeared in 1613. The mignonette and heliotrope are about

two centuries of age; the dahlia one century; the gladiolus of yesterday. Man's interest in flowers is part of that awakening to nature's loveliness which, taking a great impetus in the Renaissance, reached its height with the Romantic Movement which began almost with the nineteenth century. "We live," says MAETERLINCK, "in a world in which flowers are more beautiful and more numerous than formerly, and perhaps we may add that the thoughts of men are juster and more eager for the truth."

BECAUSE THE HEDGEROWS BLOOM in English shires during the month of May, is there any valid reason why the local bard (*Poeta americanus*) should lay any particular stress upon the distressing weather conditions which sometimes prevail here in the early part of May? The time has come when we must make an acknowledgment to MAY-DAY 1907 the effect that the American May-day is not always a success. Nature begins to start forth before the end of April, only to meet blizzards and snowslides all along the storm-belt. Out of deference to our climatic eccentricities, we might shift the date of May-day ahead a month or so, and crown our queens of love and beauty in more security.

EACH YEAR the celebration of Independence Day becomes a topic for discussion. One reader recommends that, especially to protect the sick from noise, the election-day plan be followed, of posting "distance markers"—these to be used wherever the Board of Health thinks illness in a private house or the presence of a hospital makes it necessary. JULY 4TH This seems to us a rather difficult plan for large cities, but some modification of it—some general limits to the area where the boy may ramp—should certainly be laid down by those municipalities which lack the heart to abolish dangerous and noisy explosives altogether.

MEN AND WOMEN of wealth, it is sometimes given out, are only restrained from rapid parting with their holdings by the wish to avoid doing harm. They are more grateful for really good suggestions as to how and where to give than their beneficiaries are for the money received. For the consideration of these troubled and conscientious givers, the Audubon Society for the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals presents a variation from hospitals, asylums, and libraries. It may possibly be more desirable that there should be upon this earth one hundred years from to-day a living buffalo than that there be a Carnegie library in Oshkosh. Roughly, the same amount of money will assure either. For more modest givers there is an immediate need for a small amount to protect for the nesting season the plumed white herons in Florida, giving them a few safe places to which they can become accustomed, and which can be guarded satisfactorily.

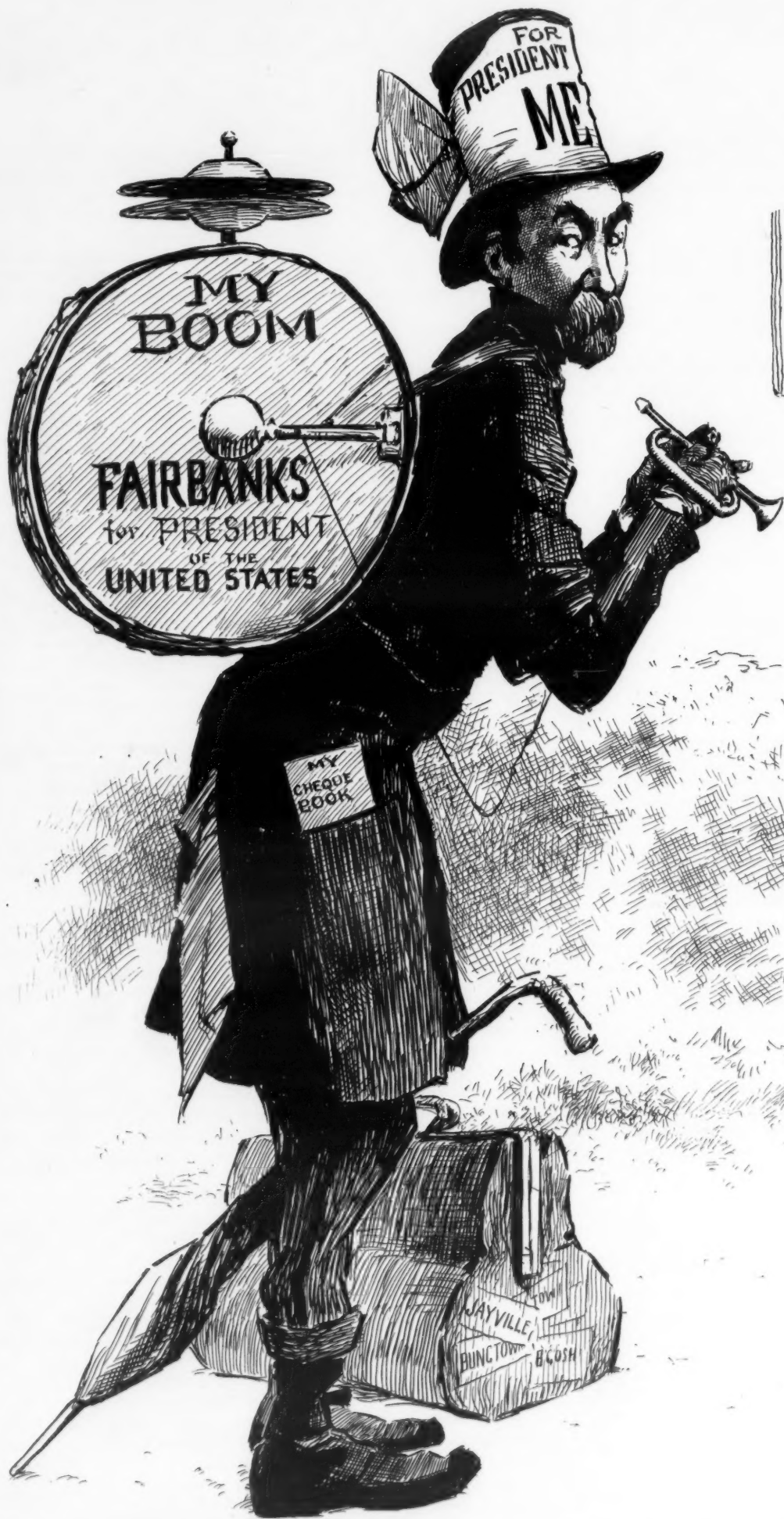
TO SAVE
BIRDS

MANY DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS visit us every year. They write books and fill the public prints with speeches and interviews. The occasional one, like KUROKI, from whom we should most like to hear, is often silent, or more than silent in phrases of official courtesy. KUROKI This samurai, of the most classic type, this one of the group whose deeds have wrought a new power, will never speak the real thoughts that lie behind his politeness. But he is welcome, even in his mystery.

IT IS A LIVELY SPEECH of Leonato, in which he requests his brother to cease talking sense and comfort, and no longer to "patch grief with proverbs," or "charm ache with air and agony with words":

"For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods."

Reason, when we have the toothache, or when we have lost what we hold dear, does something, but very little. What comfort there is comes in the main PHILOSOPHY not from reflection, but from docility of temper, from natural calm, from something born in us and not acquired. Pain remains pain, whether of heart or tooth, after the wisdom of the ages has had its say.



"WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CASE

I.—THE STORY OF THE IDAHO MINING "TROUBLES"

By C. P. CONNOLLY

THE gaze of the world is upon Idaho, with its population of only 205,000. Not only the Socialists of this country, but the more enlightened Socialists of Germany, Russia, and other foreign countries, are watching with keen suspicion every revolution of the wheels of her judicial machinery. To them the trials of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone are to be an epoch in the inevitable clash between Socialism and Capitalism—for Socialism was recommended to its membership as a political tenet by the Western Federation of Miners some years ago. "The capitalists have taken our mines, our water-power, and our timber; but they shall not tear down the bulwark of our Constitution, and Idaho shall not succeed in this conspiracy with the mine owners to hang Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone in order to disrupt a great labor organization." This is the defiant challenge of the friends of the defendants.

Idaho, on the other hand, contends that she is about to place upon trial the alleged murderers of her former Governor, Frank Steunenberg, her first martyr; her citizens insist, and her Legislature has resolved, that the State seeks only to fasten the crime upon the guilty, "whether it be those now under arrest, or others yet to be apprehended"; they refuse to see the looming spectres of Socialism and Capitalism; declare Idaho is making no war on union labor, and protest that no matter what her course may be in these cases, she will be in the future, as she has been since the arrest of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, misrepresented and misunderstood.

THE panhandle of Idaho, as it stretches northward, wedges itself narrowly between the western border of Montana and the eastern border of Washington. The Coeur d'Alene country (named after an Indian tribe) is five hundred miles north by rail from Boise, the capital of the State. As Butte is the great storehouse of copper, so the Coeur d'Alene region, two hundred miles northwest from Butte, is the great storehouse of lead. It has a population of about ten thousand people, and covers an area twenty-four miles long, and from one to five miles wide. Wallace, the county seat and principal town, with a population of three thousand, lies in a small, star-shaped basin, surrounded by precipitous, heavily timbered buttes, whose tops are so close that a veteran sportsman, standing on one peak, might shoot large game on the opposite mountain, over the town. In some of the smaller towns the hillsides are so steep, and the cañon so narrow, that there is not room for a large population or many homes, and the miners are mostly single men. Besides Wallace, the other towns of the district are: Mullan, Burke, Gem, Murray, Kellogg, and Wardner. This remote and isolated country, small in area, and composed of towering treasure-veined mountains and narrow valleys, is the scene of those "Coeur d'Alene troubles" to which may be traced directly the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg.

"Coeur d'Alene Troubles"

INTO this region, although there had been discoveries of gold earlier, at Murray, the first stampede occurred in 1886. Six years later came the first of those riotous disturbances between mine owners and miners, known as the "Coeur d'Alene troubles." Seven years later yet, in 1899, occurred the second Coeur d'Alene troubles, and these it was that made a martyr of Frank Steunenberg. They were precipitated by one company, whose policy, in defiance of the laws of Idaho, has always been one of open discrimination against union labor.

There was no Western Federation of Miners in 1892. The miners had a local union in each camp, and these unions were affiliated with a State organization of Montana miners.

The troubles of 1892 originated in an attempt on the part of the mine owners to exact from each miner a

monthly tribute of one dollar for a physician and hospital fund. The miners, while willing to pay the tribute, preferred their own choice of medical service, and ultimately secured a general hospital at Wallace for all the miners of the district. The friction engendered by this dispute led to other differences. The miners objected to the company boarding and lodging houses, and finally locked horns with the mine owners over a lowering of the wage-scale, which followed a shut-down of the mines. This shut-down was due to the low price of lead and to some differences over freight rates.

The Pitched Battle of the Eleventh of July

IN May of that year the mine owners began to import miners and armed deputies from distant States. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company, located at Wardner, and the Helena-Frisco Company, located at Gem—both of which companies seem to have unnecessarily aroused high feeling among the miners—obtained an injunction from the United States Circuit Court for Idaho against any interference on the part of the members of the unions with the operation of their mines, and opened up their plants with non-union forces. The feeling among the union men had grown tense, when, on July 5, the Homestead riots of Pennsylvania occurred between armed deputies and union men. This incident created the impression in the minds of the Coeur d'Alene miners that capital, always in league, as they seem to believe, contemplated the simultaneous use of forceful methods both East and West. On July 10, when a settlement seemed probable, and the feeling was subsiding, a fist fight occurred between a union and a non-union miner. This fight started the rumor that two union miners had been killed at Gem by "scabs."

The miners of the district hurried to Gem, and the next morning, July 11—a day still celebrated each year in the Coeur d'Alenes—two union men and two non-union men were killed during some desultory firing. I think there can be no doubt that the imported deputies began the firing. A pitched battle then ensued between the union miners, stationed in the brush of the hills, and forty deputies, or non-union men, ensconced in the Helena-Frisco mill. The battle lasted three hours, a thousand shots or more were exchanged, and the town of Gem was riddled with rifle balls. The ammunition of the union miners was almost

wheels of the mill. There was a terrific explosion, and the mill was a total wreck. When the non-union men surrendered, it was found that one of their number was killed and several seriously injured. The captured forces were humanely treated by the union miners, who took care of their wounded. Pettibone, looking down the penstock, was badly injured when the explosion took place. The union miners marched to the Gem mine, and later to the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine at Wardner and compelled the surrender of the non-union men. They then took possession of the entire region, placing guards over the different mines. The non-union miners left the country, some peaceably, others under forcible compulsion. Governor Willey called for Federal aid, troops arrived in a few days, and a "bull pen" was erected at Wallace, in which many of the union miners were imprisoned for some months. The troops stayed until fall. George A. Pettibone, with others, was convicted in the United States Circuit Court for violating the injunction issued by that court, and was sentenced to the Government House of Correction at Detroit, Michigan, for two years. He was released after eight months' imprisonment, on appeal to the United States Supreme Court, owing to a technical defect in the indictment. James H. Hawley, now in charge of the prosecution of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, defended Pettibone and his associates, and Fremont Wood, the trial judge in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone cases, was at the time the United States District Attorney for Idaho, and prosecuted the cases against the prisoners.

After the withdrawal of the troops, union miners were employed in all the mines except the Bunker Hill and Sullivan. In the following year, 1893, the Western Federation of Miners was organized at Butte. It was made up of the unions of the Coeur d'Alenes, of Butte, of the Black Hills, South Dakota, and three or four small Colorado towns.

Whether or not the Western Federation of Miners was responsible in any way, there now occurred in the Coeur d'Alenes a series of crimes, for which the enemies of that organization have sought to hold it responsible. These culminated in the riot of 1899, and brought about the iron reign of military rule. By this long series of crime irreparable injury was done, not only to the cause of union labor in the Coeur d'Alenes, but to many good men who were members of the Western Federation. It is impossible to believe that the rank and file at large of the Coeur d'Alene miners were responsible for these crimes and persecutions, or even at heart countenanced them. I have found these men in the jury box as keen to uphold the law as any class, and in their natural instincts fairer than most men, but, in common with entire communities, they were in dread of the tyranny of the lawless ones, and dared not openly repudiate them. There were in Idaho no such conditions as existed later in Colorado, where the lawlessness and corruption of capital prodded men, ordinarily law-abiding, to anger and violence. These were the overdoings of men who felt their own unlawful power and exercised it uncurbed by compassion.

Intimidation and Violence

THIS series of crimes from 1892 to 1899 included murder and many other forms of lawlessness. A number of men who had been witnesses for the State in the prosecutions growing out of the troubles of 1892 were forced to leave the country. Some were taken out of their beds at midnight, without opportunity to gather up their personal effects; others were drummed out in broad daylight. John Kneebone, a State's witness in 1892, had been driven out that year, but had returned.

On the afternoon of July 3, 1894, about forty masked men came to Gem from the direction of Burke and went to the mine blacksmith-shop where he was at work. Kneebone, who had been threatened, saw the men coming, and sprang through an open window. He had got fifty feet away when two shots were fired. Kneebone rolled down the mine-dump, a distance of thirty feet, stone dead. He was shot as a hunter would bring down game on the run. The masked men then



THE THREE DEFENDANTS, AND THE WIVES OF TWO OF THEM

The three men in this picture are charged with conspiring to murder Ex-Governor Steunenberg. Reading from left to right: Mrs. Pettibone, George A. Pettibone, formerly an officer of the Western Federation; William D. Haywood, Secretary; Mrs. Moyer, and Charles H. Moyer, President. The trial is now on at Boise. The defendants will be tried separately.

exhausted, when George A. Pettibone, one of the defendants, with Moyer, Haywood, and Simpkins (Simpkins is still at large), in the present trial, then a justice of the peace at Gem, and another man named Peterson, aided by some of the union miners, broke open a powder-house, took two hundred pounds of dynamite to the hillside in the rear of the Helena-Frisco mill, and slid it down the penstock, which carried the water from a flume on the hillside five hundred feet to the

captured Superintendent R. K. Neil of the Gem mine, and three others, and, with the order "Follow us, we will teach you a lesson you won't forget," marched them over the mountain toward the Montana line, telling them not to return on penalty of death.

In 1894, and again in 1896, an attempt was made to blow up property of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company, with more or less disastrous results.

On May 3, 1897, forty-six Springfield rifles and about ten thousand cartridges belonging to the Idaho National Guard were taken by six masked men from the building at Mullan, where they were stored. Shortly before this the judge of the District Court was waited upon in his chambers during the trial of a criminal case in which a friend of the union miners was on trial, and being asked how he was going to rule on a certain matter, was told that "it would be well for him to rule right."

About eleven o'clock on the night of December 23, 1897, sixteen armed and masked men took Frederick D. Whitney, foreman of the Helena-Frisco concentrator at Gem, out of bed. They compelled Whitney's room-mate, the assayer of the company, to stand with his face to the wall while Whitney dressed. Whitney was taken up the railroad track and told to move on. When he had got twenty or thirty paces away, several shots were fired, and Whitney fell, mortally wounded. He lay on the chill ground two hours, when he was found and taken to the hospital at Wallace. He died on Christmas morning. Large rewards were offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of Kneebone and Whitney, but no arrests were ever made.

There were other minor acts of lawlessness. In one case a man was tied to a railroad hand-car, and the car turned loose on a long, steep grade. On May 8, 1897, President Boyce of the Western Federation of Miners, in a speech at Salt Lake City, advised that every union should have a rifle-club, "so that in two years we can hear the inspiring music of the martial tread of twenty-five thousand armed men in the ranks of labor"; he advised that all members of the National Guard be made ineligible to membership in the Western Federation of Miners, and that patronage and assistance be withheld from all companies or individuals employing members of the National Guard and all organizations admitting them to membership.

The Second "Troubles," in 1899

ABOUT the middle of April, 1899, the Coeur d'Alene unions of the Western Federation of Miners demanded of the management of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines an increase of wages. The management announced that it refused to recognize the demands of any except its employees, and denied the request. That company was still paying a lower wage-scale than the other companies in the district, and it is said, and I think truthfully, that the management of some of the other companies agitated among their own miners the proposition of compelling the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company to par its wage-scale with theirs; they told the miners that unless this was done the wages in the other mines would be reduced to the Bunker Hill and Sullivan standard. One mine manager, between whom and the manager of the Bunker Hill Company there was ill-feeling, even addressed meetings of his own miners, counseling extreme measures against the Bunker Hill Company if it did not accede to the demands. (The Bunker Hill properties were what are known as "dry" mines, operated by tunnels which drained them. This saved the miners about twelve dollars a month, which in the other mines they paid out for gum coats and other necessities.)

About April 25 the Bunker Hill Company notified its own men that thereafter the wage-scale would be the same as that of the other companies in the district, but refused to recognize the union and discharged what few union men were in its employ. For several days there followed a system of intimidation on the part of some of the union miners, accompanied by acts of violence.

As early as six o'clock on the morning of April 29, 1899, the region in the vicinity of Burke, Gem, and Mullan was astir with foreboding preparations. Some kind of demonstration was to be made that day at Wardner. An early morning meeting, with drawn

blinds, was held in the rooms of the Gem union; another meeting was held at Mullan. Some of the Gem men emerged from their meeting masked and armed; a motion to mask was voted down at the Mullan meeting. The Mullan men, on their way to Wallace, later, went to an old barn and dug out two or three boxes of rifles where they had been "cached." Most of the miners refrained from work in the mines that day, except at the Bunker Hill properties.

The crowd mobilized at Wallace and at Burke, seven miles east of Wallace. The Bunker Hill properties lie

Before starting from Burke, Dr. I. S. Collins, on his way from a professional call, was ordered aboard with his instrument case, which he was carrying. At Wallace the train was switched on to the tracks of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, which road runs west from Wallace, where the Northern Pacific ends. Without orders, and flagging around the curves, the train proceeded slowly to Wardner. Three hundred of the men were armed and masked, and each of these wore a strip of white cloth on his arm or in his buttonhole.

The manager of the Bunker Hill mines was advised by wire of the coming train, and escaped over the hills, after warning his men to close down the mill and take care of themselves.

The train arrived at Wardner at 1 o'clock P. M., and at 2.30 the two tons of dynamite had been carefully placed under the \$250,000 mill of the Bunker Hill Company and set off. The mill was completely demolished. The shock of the explosions was heard twenty miles away. Fire was set to the office buildings, the residence of the manager, and other buildings belonging to the company, and everything destroyed. The great majority of the crowd remained at some distance and took no part in the destruction of property. John Smythe, a Helena-Frisco miner, one of a reconnoitring party sent up on the hillside by the mob, was shot and killed, either by accident or design. One of the witnesses testified that after the shots were fired one of the masked men said that Smythe was a "traitor" and was purposely killed.

Forced to "Run the Gantlet"

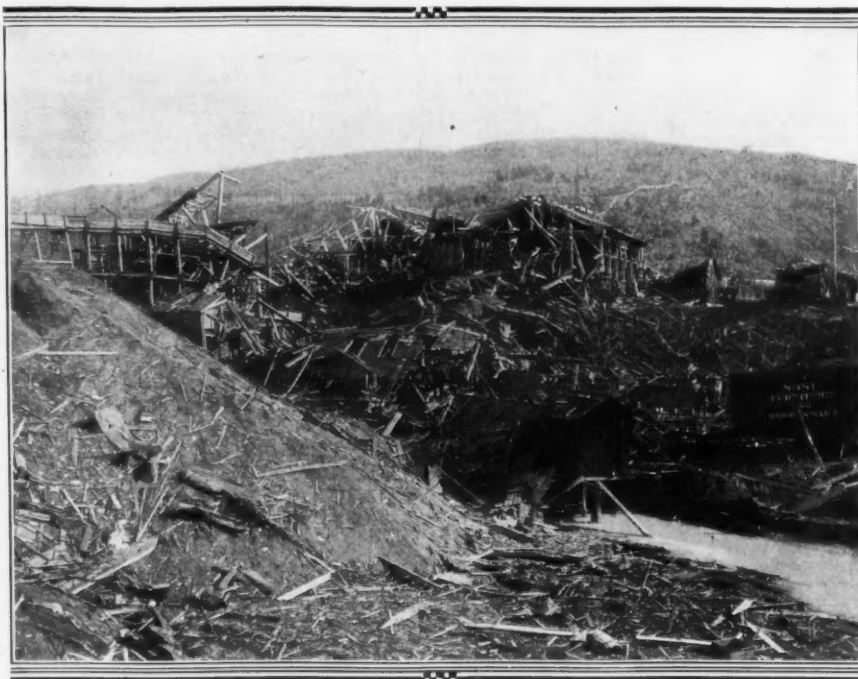
NEARLY all of the Bunker Hill employees escaped, but the mob captured James Cheyne, a millman; R. R. Rogers, the company stenographer, and William H. Huff, the assayer. After subjecting them to indignities, they ordered these captives to run. Rogers was shot as he was climbing a fence, but not fatally. Cheyne, twenty-seven years old, fell in a hail of bullets. While the bullets were still thudding all about him, Mrs. Ida Sinclair ran to Cheyne's assistance, and, with the help of one of the rioters, carried him to cover. He died in a Spokane hospital three days later. Huff plunged into the river, swam some distance, and escaped unhurt. These prisoners were compelled to shout "Down with America" in chorus with part of the mob while the buildings were burning.

The train returned to Wallace about four o'clock in the afternoon, and that night the mines of the Coeur d'Alenes resumed operations. There was an ominous stillness over the whole region. Governor Steunenberg was advised by wire of the situation, and immediately declared Shoshone County in a state of "insurrection and rebellion," and appealed to President McKinley to send Federal troops, the State troops being in the Philippines.

Within five days five hundred Federal troops, under command of Brigadier-General H. C. Merriam, were patrolling the cañon. The first soldiers to arrive were colored. Men were arrested in great numbers as they came out of the mines, and, it is alleged, without being afforded, in many cases, an opportunity to change their wet clothes. They were herded in box cars and in an old warehouse, temporarily, until the "bull pen" at Kellogg, three miles from Wardner, was erected.

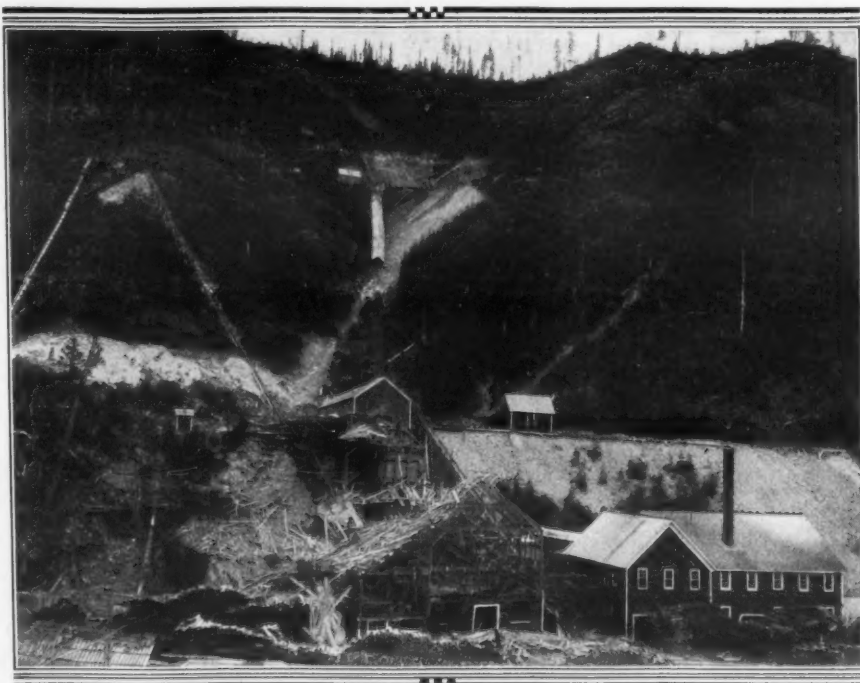
The entire male population of Burke was arrested. Some of the men escaped into Montana outside the military limits, and were captured and brought back, without requisition, by the troops; and in this drag-net there was at least one man who was a resident of Montana, and who had never been in the State of Idaho. These men were all arrested without warrant, and most

of them detained months without charge. Some were arrested for sympathy with the union men, and one justice of the peace was imprisoned for fining a non-union miner who, while loafing on the street, was alleged to have annoyed a woman at Gem. The sheriff and two members of the Board of County Commissioners were placed in the "bull pen" for official supineness prior to and during the great riot. Wilbur H. Stewart, editor of the Mullan "Mirror," was incarcerated for criticizing the acts of the troops, and his newspaper plant confiscated. The contents of three



WRECKED BY TWO TONS OF DYNAMITE

On the afternoon of April 29, 1899, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill at Wardner, valued at \$250,000, was captured by a force of eight hundred union miners and blown to pieces. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company had refused to recognize the Wardner local union of the Western Federation. Recognition of the union was the most vital point to the miners, and when they were sure of the company's attitude they appointed a day when all the mines of the district should be shut down and their power demonstrated. Taking possession of a Northern Pacific train, and recruiting their number from the vicinity of Burke, Gem, and Mullan, armed and supplied with dynamite, the miners rode to Wardner expecting a fight. The Bunker Hill miners, however, had been warned and had fled over the mountain. In the rioting at the mill two, one a union miner, were killed and another seriously wounded



THE HELENA-FRISCO MILL, WRECKED IN 1892

In the first Coeur d'Alene troubles the Helena-Frisco Company imported non-union miners to work their properties and armed deputies to protect them. On July 10 a fight between a "scab" and a union miner led to a report that two union men had been killed. Next day, July 11—a day still celebrated in the Coeur d'Alenes—a pitched battle occurred between some forty deputies and non-union men hidden in the mill, and some union miners on the hillside. After three hours of firing, when the ammunition was exhausted, George A. Pettibone, one of the men now on trial, and three union miners broke open a powder-house, took two hundred pounds of dynamite to the hillside back of the mill, and slid it down the penstock, which carried water from a flume five hundred feet down to the mill's turbines. In the wreck one non-union man was killed and another seriously injured. Pettibone, looking down the penstock, to see that the dynamite slid to the mill without hindrance, was also badly hurt when the explosion occurred

west of Wallace some twelve miles. About eight hundred men (there were altogether about fifteen hundred miners employed in the Coeur d'Alenes) took possession of the Northern Pacific passenger and mail train running between Burke and Wallace, to which they attached eight or nine freight cars. They covered the engineer with rifles and ordered him to proceed to Gem, half-way between Burke and Wallace, where the train was backed up to the Helena-Frisco powder-house, the lock of the powder-house broken, and four thousand pounds of dynamite placed aboard the train.

iron safes were seized by the troops and taken from miners' union halls, in the search for evidence, without warrant and in defiance of a constitutional privilege. Martial law was not declared in the Coeur d'Alenes either by President McKinley or Governor Steunenberg; yet the civil and military authorities seem to have acted with all the license of military rule. It was undoubtedly the tacit, if not declared, purpose of the authorities to stamp out utterly the Western Federation of Miners and its membership in that region.

General Merriam gave the nationality of the prisoners in the "bull pen" on July 31 as 132 Americans, 99 Swedes, 63 Italians, 47 Finns, 43 Irish, and 144 other foreign; 330 were citizens of the United States, and 198 aliens; 130 were married and 308 single.

There is no doubt that the condition of these men (there were over one thousand men, at one time or another, in the "bull pen") crowded in cramped and unprepared quarters, as they were at first, was insufferable. One building was commonly known as the "hell hole." The actions of the colored soldiers were, in some instances, overbearing. There was no complaint of the white soldiers who relieved the colored troops, though Lieutenant Lyons gave the union pumpmen at the Tiger-Poorman mine, who had quit, ten minutes to return to work, with threats of violence and imprisonment if they refused, and General Alger, Secretary of War, felt called upon, July 31, to telegraph General Merriam that the only purpose of the troops was to suppress rioting and to maintain peace and order, and that the army "must have nothing whatever to do with enforcing rules for the government of miners or miners' unions."

The "Bull Pen" Under Sinclair's Iron Rule

MIKE JOHNSON, one of the inmates of the "bull pen," became insane. He was under guard of a colored soldier, on his way to the State Insane Asylum. He appears to have labored under the hallucination that he was to be executed. While waiting for a train at Wardner he broke from the guard and jumped into the river. The guard fired two shots after him. He was taken down the river two hundred yards, where his dead body was washed ashore. There were no indications, it was said, of bullet-wounds on the body.

L. J. Simpkins, now under indictment with Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone for the murder of former Governor Steunenberg, testified under oath that Mike Devine, one of the prisoners who died of pneumonia, requested the services of a priest, and that the request was denied; but a majority of the Committee on Military Affairs of the National House of Representatives disbelieved his testimony, and spoke of him as the "universal witness, who was at all places at all times, and who saw all things." Simpkins also testified to an alleged attempt on the part of the officials to bribe him with an offer of \$10,000, "and a trip to Europe" if he would implicate two certain men in the blowing up of the Bunker Hill mill. Simpkins was the leader in an attempt to break out of the "bull pen" by running an underground tunnel from a point under one of the buildings of the "bull pen." Seven men, under indictment for the murder of Cheyne, afterward escaped, through the bribery of a non-commissioned officer, who is now serving a thirteen-year term at San Quentin, California, for his offense.

Governor Steunenberg, immediately on being advised of the destruction of the Bunker Hill mill, had sent to the scene as his personal representative—the Governor himself was ill at the time—Bartlett Sinclair, a lawyer then State Auditor.

Sinclair appears to have been a man of iron nerve, firm and courageous. One witness testified that "his intentions were all right, but he was extreme." He was in supreme command of the district—practically dictator. The mine owners were informed that they would not be allowed to employ members of the Western Federation of Miners. Those desiring employment were compelled to apply to Dr. Hugh France, coroner of Shoshone County and company physician for the Bunker Hill Company, or to one of his deputies, for a permit to seek work. A proclamation to this effect was drawn up by Chester H. Lindley of San Francisco, chief attorney for the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company, signed by Bartlett Sinclair, as State Auditor, and approved by Brigadier-General H. C. Merriam of the United States Army. The union miner who desired employment was compelled to sign an application stating that he believed the crimes committed at Wardner were perpetrated "through the influence and by the direction of the Miners' Unions of the Coeur d'Alenes," and abjur-

ing all allegiance to those unions. By doing this he practically confessed his own criminality as a member of the organization. Even after signing this document, if he were personally obnoxious to the State's representative, he might be refused employment.

This permit system, in direct violation of the law of Idaho heretofore referred to, forbidding discrimination



EX-GOVERNOR FRANK STEUNENBERG

In 1899, after the dynamiting of the mill of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company at Wardner, Governor Steunenberg immediately declared Shoshone County in a state of "insurrection and rebellion," and appealed to President McKinley to send Federal troops, the State troops being then in the Philippines. The Governor declared that for years the county officers had been dominated, or, at least, intimidated, by union criminals. In suppressing crime, he asserted, there could be no compromise with criminals in applying the remedy: "nothing less drastic than the disease itself will cure." Such was Steunenberg's theory, and he said, privately, that he knew his course meant his political death. But, he added, his duty was to the State, not to himself. When he was elected Governor in 1896, it was believed by the miners, who were practically all Populists and supported him, that Steunenberg would be friendly to their organization. His promptness in sending troops to the Coeur d'Alenes after the April outrage in 1899 convinced the union leaders that the Governor had leagued himself with the mine owners. From that moment Steunenberg believed himself marked for assassination by the inner council of the Western Federation

against union labor, was not popular even among many of the mine managers, who preferred to employ their old force in preference to raw hands. John A. Finch, one of the mine owners who had suffered from the acts of the lawless element, testified under oath that he believed "the majority of the men belonging to the unions were of more than ordinary intelligence, and

as good men as could be found anywhere." He did not believe, he said, that twenty per cent of the men knew what they were going to Wardner for when the Bunker Hill mill was destroyed; but even if they had known, they would not have dared refuse to go. He thought a majority of the men had disapproved of every lawless act that had been committed, but they did not dare openly say so; they believed that the Western Federation of Miners was the strongest power in the country, and that no power in the United States could oppose it successfully. Governor Steunenberg had declared that for years the county officers had been either in sympathy with, or intimidated by, criminals; that there could be no compromise with crime nor with criminals, and that in applying the remedy, "nothing less drastic than the disease itself will cure." He said privately that his course meant his political death, but that his duty was to his State, not to himself.

Paul Corcoran was the only one of the prisoners tried for murder, seven others having escaped. He was a man of family, secretary of the Gem union, and, but for the charge against him, was of good repute. The prosecution had said that he was selected in order to teach the lesson that the law was supreme and could reach even a prominent member of the unions. He was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary. He was afterward pardoned by Governor Hunt of Idaho.

Where the Authorities Erred

IN order to understand the circumstances surrounding the trial of Paul Corcoran, it is necessary to review in part the situation. The United States troops were stationed at Kellogg, twelve miles away, and were in control of the region. The Supreme Court of Idaho had refused the writ of habeas corpus, declaring that martial law "to a limited extent" was in force in Shoshone County. The regularly elected sheriff and Board of County Commissioners had been removed, and others appointed in their place. Dr. Hugh France, the Bunker Hill Company physician, had been appointed sheriff *pro tem*. He was at the time also coroner of the County, and held the inquest upon the deaths of Cheyne and Smythe. At this inquest, which lasted three months and was held behind closed doors, Chester H. Lindley, the San Francisco attorney for the Bunker Hill Company, with Attorney-General Samuel H. Hays, represented the State. A special grand jury was selected and summoned under direction of Dr. France as acting sheriff, the regular jury list being ignored. The law provided that the jury list be drawn at the county seat, and the regular jury list had been drawn at Murray after the change of county seat to Wallace, but before the removal of the county officers. The drawing was therefore declared illegal. J. H. Forney, from the adjoining County of Latah, another attorney for the Bunker Hill Company, was appointed acting prosecuting attorney of Shoshone County. Judge George A. Stewart (now a member of the Supreme Court of Idaho) was appointed by Governor Steunenberg, who had power to do so under the law as it was at the time, to take the place of the local district judge, and presided in the case. A deputy of Dr. France, who had summoned the special grand jury, also summoned the special trial jury which tried Corcoran, the regular jury box being again ignored. It is true, witnesses would not have dared testify in behalf of the State had it not been for the presence of Federal troops, and this was a trying emergency for the State officials; but the State itself, not the private interest, is the power that should direct the steps of justice and mete out punishment when the law is violated, and the least interference always lends a suspicion of unfairness to every judicial proceeding in which the life or liberty of men is at stake. Anarchy and lawlessness multiply in the presence of the open defiance of law on the part of those who administer the law.

Since 1899 peace and order have reigned in the Coeur d'Alenes. Union miners, members of the Western Federation, have worked side by side with non-union members. Nevertheless, after six years of quiet, on December 30, 1905, ex-Governor Steunenberg was murdered, and the motive for that deed is universally supposed to date directly back to April 30, 1899, when he had declared that the Coeur d'Alenes was in a "state of insurrection and rebellion." The present Governor Gooding said, shortly after the murder: "Evidence is not wanting to show that Mr. Steunenberg's death was in revenge by the lawless element for his faithfulness to his trust as Governor." During these years, however, there was bloodshed, violence, rioting, and martial rule at various mining camps in Colorado.



AN AFTERMATH OF THE "TROUBLES" OF 1899

The bodies of two union miners killed by Dick Adams in 1900 shortly after the troops were withdrawn from the Coeur d'Alenes. Adams first came into the region as a "scab" in 1892. As a deputy sheriff in 1899 he had made himself obnoxious to the miners' union. The two men in the photograph had armed themselves and set out to "get" Adams. A friend of the deputy heard of it and warned him. He stationed himself in the side room of a saloon. As the two miners entered, looking for him, Adams fired twice, in such rapid succession that the discharges sounded like one prolonged report. Both men were shot through the head. After a preliminary hearing Adams was discharged. He submitted this photograph as evidence at the hearing.



LOOKING DOWN THE LONG LINE OF UNITED STATES BATTLESHIPS JUST BEFORE THE PRESIDENT'S REVIEW. AT THE LEFT ARE THE BRITISH SHIPS

JAMESTOWN: THREE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER

By ARTHUR RUHL

JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA, April 27.

EVERY one has wished at times to live for a few hundred years, not through any greed of life or desire to prolong old age, but merely to see what would happen. No one who saw the *Mayflower* sail into Hampton Roads yesterday morning and heard those two miles of fighting-ships thunder in low antiphony the President's salute could easily escape the feeling that to him, in some strange transmigratory fashion, this boon had been granted, and that the spectacle was not so much a thing apart and sufficient to itself as the tremendous present fulfillment of another's dream.

What Would Captain John Smith Say?

IT was so splendid—all this powerful beauty spread out in the ocean sunshine for a happy people to smile at and admire—that it drove one back inevitably to that other different people, those brave, unsuspecting, God-fearing men who sailed into these waters three hundred years ago. It was through their eyes that one saw the battleships and the hotels across the bay and the foolish excursion boats sagging to their gunwales, until every little village girl from up-river who had put on her white-duck sailor suit with the blue anchors on it and come down to see the show, became a wonderful and impressive thing, answering as she did the question that not Elizabeth herself, nor Raleigh, nor one man of the stout old colonists could answer—"Who will come after us? What will people be thinking and talking and wearing, here, in this place, three hundred years from now?"

The Chesapeake waters seemed as beautiful to Captain Christopher Newport and his men as they do to-day, and the ducks were even thicker then, probably, than they were yesterday morning when we crossed from Cape Charles. But the *Sarah Constant* and the *Good Speed* and the *Discovery* together would scarcely have made more than a coal-lighter for one of the white battleships that saluted the President, and the colonists lived in a present danger of death—from the Spaniards, from the Indians, from the starvation and disease that was later to claim so many of them—far greater than that which would menace the fighting-men of these battleships in the ordinary hazard of war. The England which their sons were to fight and whose king was soon to kill their Raleigh in order to placate his brother of Spain—it was her ships which stood at the head of the line and first saluted as the *Mayflower* swept in. Far down at the other end, almost out of sight in the bluish sun-shot haze was the only tangible relic of that once fearful Spain—a little armored cruiser from a South American country which had itself achieved independence from Spain and now builds battleships of its own. And by one of those strange ironies, which seem almost more than chance, this ship was the *Sarmiento*, named after a man who was great not because he was a warrior, or even because he was once president of Argentina, but because he was a student and spent the greater part of his life improving the education of that country and establishing popular schools.

One could go on interminably with such moralizing; vista after vista opened wherever one chanced to look. Here were the pleasure yachts of our new plutocracy, careering, as graceful and careless as gulls, through the same bay that the twenty-ton *Discovery* limped into after its two months' voyage. What would the tree-chopping, Bible-reading colonists have thought had they been told that in these waters to-day one of these same yachts should nearly be run down because, forsooth, some thousand curious excursion folk must needs get a closer view of a literary gentleman and applaud the white flannel suit of Mr. Mark Twain. The mission of this particular exposition is to make a careless and forgetful generation think of a few of these things. The Chicago fair created a beautiful picture which will live always in the minds of those who saw it. It showed what a commercial people could do, or cause to be done for them, in the creation of pure beauty when they put their minds to it. It was a great object-lesson. The Buffalo fair showed some wonders in electricity. The St. Louis fair called attention to the Louisiana Purchase, repeated, in a little different fashion, what was done at Chicago, but it was most interesting for the unique quality of the vast horde of people who came up out of the tall grass to look at it. The Jamestown Exposition has nothing wonderful to show in the way of buildings or landscape architecture—no enchanted lagoons, overpower-

the capable gentlemen who established the fact that English-speaking men and not Spaniards were to rule what are now these United States some years before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock.

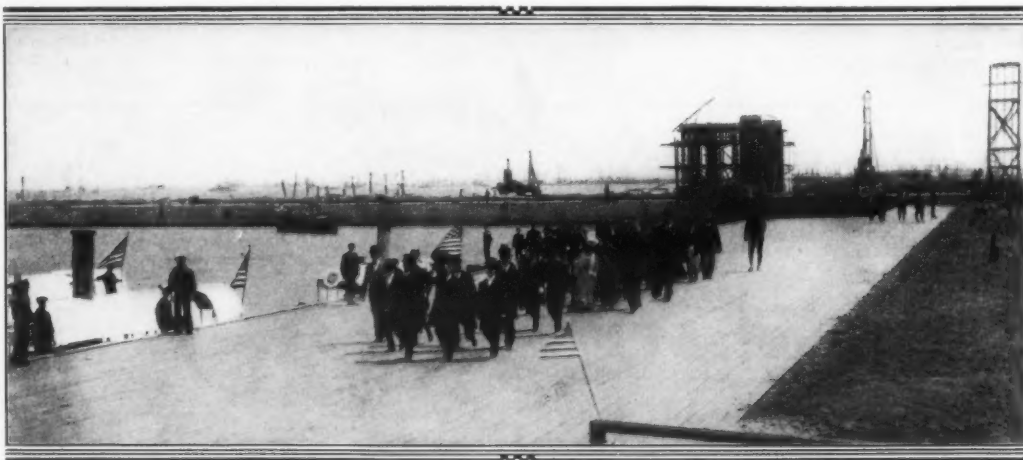
Jamestown and Jintown

THE opening of the Exposition was witnessed by all of Norfolk and the more glittering part of Washington, by people from the James River neighborhoods and lower Maryland, and by all the negroes whose other engagements permitted them to attend. The great show, of course, was that anchored in Hampton Roads, but that of humans, or what one might perhaps be permitted to call the Jintown Exposition, was within the gates, and it could not have been more quaint and marvelous if the "naturals" themselves, as old Hakluyt called the Indians, in the "Discourse on Western Planting," which King James had him write for the departing colonists, had been able to attend. In the first place, everything was unfinished, of course, as at Exposition openings it always is. The level, monotonous tract on which the buildings are set was littered with lumber and brick, the grass plots were grassless, the roads melancholy channels of baked clay. The trolley cars took hours, sometimes, to come out from Norfolk, and the handling of those who tried to get across from Old Point Comfort revealed an ignorance

of the art of managing crowds that was enough to have brought a blush to the dusky cheeks of the Original Virginians. Yet the tall, lanky, sunburnt men and the girls in their shirtwaists and muslin dresses accepted it all with the serenest good-humor, and when a crowded excursion steamer was held up for an hour a few hundred yards off the Exposition dock by an accursed ferryboat named, if I remember rightly, the *Callahan*, its passengers, many of whom had had no breakfast, all of whom were missing their chance to hear the President speak, instead of trying to commit suicide as a New York crowd would probably have done, merely looked a little sad, and opined that it "looks like that fellow is a-goin' to stay there all day."

Through the vast corridors of the Inside Inn frugal travelers, who had hoped to depend on the hotel, wandered, wailing like lost souls for soap. "Looks like there wa'n't a blessed cake of soap in this yeah hotel." It looked what it was. There was no soap. In the vaster dining-room waiters and waitresses disappeared with one's order for half hours at a time. By evening the "American plan" dining-room was frankly out of commission. "You cayn't blame us if we are swamped, can you?" pleaded the man who barred from the door the famished hordes. Dishes were piled ceiling high by that time in the kitchen, and the poor waitresses, who had to wash their own plates and things before they could serve their guests, were so tired and unstrung that their lips trembled hysterically as they wrote one's order down.

The day was hot, from time to time clouds of dust swept up the baked roads, and in this heat and dust, jostling and picking their way through the chaos, were two classes of spectators who regarded each other with



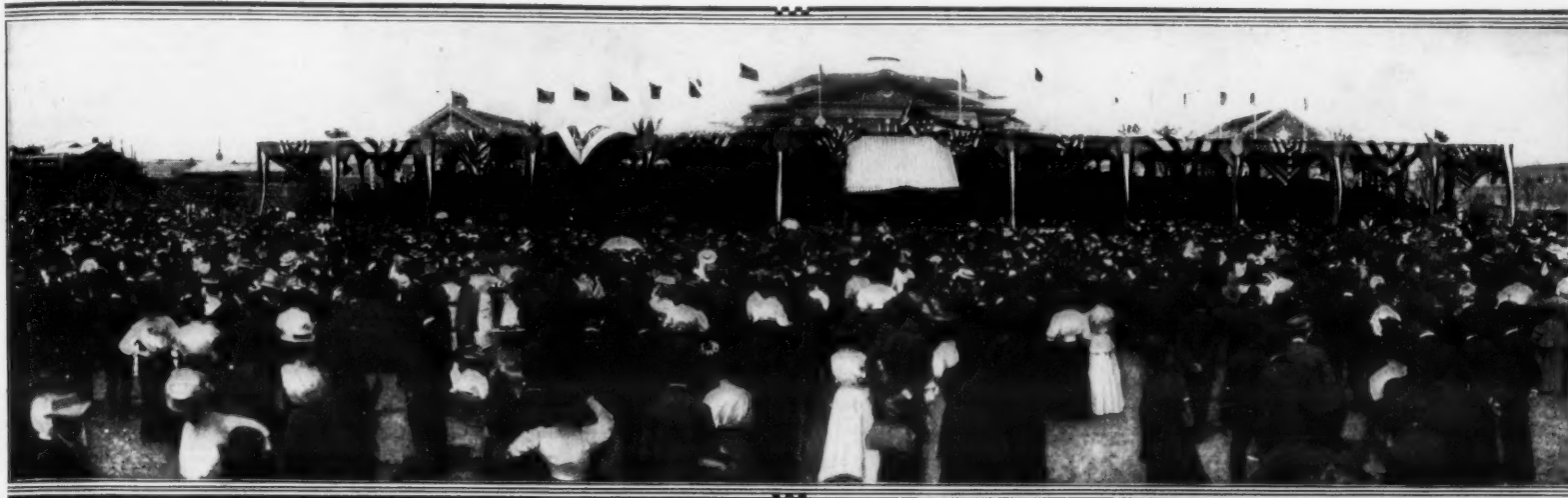
THE PRESIDENT CROSSING THE "DISCOVERY LANDING" ON HIS WAY TO THE SPEAKER'S STAND

ing domes, allegorical angels, or divine cattle. It is important, not for what it is, but for what it commemorates. Its most impressive piece of architecture is merely an adaptation of the fine, old-fashioned, white-pillared Southern portico, and with a fine appropriateness this Colonial scheme has everywhere been carried out, so that the result is not a mere *tour de force* of architects and sculptors, but something solidly individual and of the people.

For New Englanders—A New Sensation

AND while a pilgrimage thither may not make one's eyes stick out once, it will take one to the starting place of English civilization on this continent and give to many the new and rather exhilarating sensation of learning that the Puritan virtues were by no means monopolized by the Puritans, and that the Cavaliers, instead of being merely pretty adventurers, were

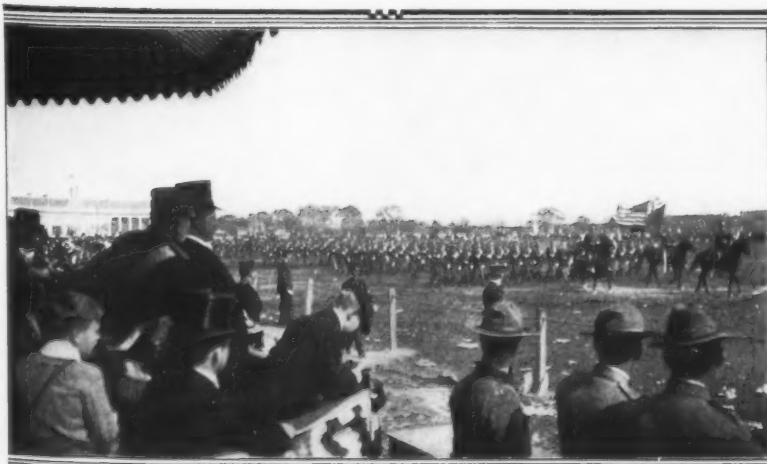
OPENING-DAY SCENES AT JAMESTOWN



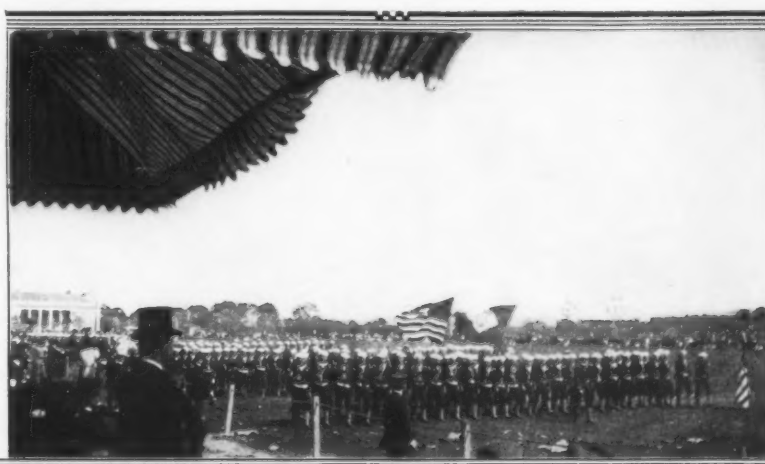
NATIVE VIRGINIANS LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENT AND WATCHING THE NOTABLES IN THE GRAND STAND



" . . . TO CELEBRATE . . . THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT OF MEN OF OUR STOCK IN VIRGINIA "



SEVENTY-FIRST VIRGINIA INFANTRY PASSING IN REVIEW
BEFORE THE PRESIDENT, GENERAL GRANT IN COMMAND



SAILORS FROM THE UNITED STATES FLEET FOLLOWED
THE MILITARY IN REVIEW BEFORE THE PRESIDENT

almost as lively a curiosity as did the Cavaliers and the original natives. One crowd got inside the ropes and the other stayed out; the first had helmets with feathers and horse-tails hanging from them, and top-hats and gold braid and clanking swords, and the second was in its store-clothes and summer shirtwaists, and it accepted with a hungry interest and unflinching good-humor everything that came, whether this was a slim-waisted British officer in a red coat and a white helmet who walked past as unseeing as Mars himself, or merely being stepped on and ordered back into line. Some of the young men walked hand in hand with their sweethearts, and some of the old ladies staring out at the ships anxiously counted and discussed the number of their "chimneys." They crowded up to the ropes, roosted in the trees, walked miles and miles, and sat on the grass when they were tired.

The gold-braid people mostly did not have to walk. For them had been collected an assortment of hacks, buses, and buggies which resembled an exhibit illustrating the history of transportation. Some were driven by grinning negro boys and some by antebellum negroes in battered silk hats and faces as old as the world. Glittering and rather supercilious young foreign aides and secretaries and things gazed at these quaint chariots in wonder, pointing to cards hanging to the lamp and pronounc-

"trained voices." All around this parade ground, laughing and crowding on each other's toes, in an odor of heat and dust and trampled grass, tobacco, and holiday perfumes, were those who could not get inside

of General Grant rode at the head, none of the honorary aides fell off his horse, and the sailors from the ships were finer almost than ever. These bronzed young men always bring ashore some of the glamour of the great

reporter of the "Virginian Pilot" in his story this morning:

"Get ready now, here they come. Don't miss anything. Listen, the band is playing—what's that making a fellow just a trifle creepy? Why, you see, it is invariably a physical truth that the heart—but this is no time for science—it's the band.

"What is that thumps, thumps, thumps? not the concussion from the bumpety-bump of the big bass drum coming along? Oh, no! it's the blood pump answering to the—well, to the band.

"Hooray! yip, ye—ow!"
"Here they come! By golly, but it's grand. Swinging 'round the corner, right across the road and into the northeast corner of the parade. Whose parade? Why, Robert E. Lee's parade. Take off your hat and God bless him.

"Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-boom! boom! boom!

"Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;
For the flag of our country, forever!"

It was a very good parade, even though some of the honest old plow-horses, pressed into service by the local artillerymen, had difficulty in giving a perfect imitation of a gallop into action as they passed the stand. The son



"OFFICIAL" CAMERA BATTERY WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT



VIEW OF THE ROBERT E. LEE PARADE GROUND DURING THE OPENING EXERCISES

ing in the French fashion its "official." After the President's reception, you might see ambassadors bustling out of the Auditorium with that harassed expression peculiar to diplomats when brought into the flurry of the practical world, gesticulating for their colleagues to hasten and mount the "voiture." The *voiture* was, perhaps, some rusty, seagoing hack drawn by two mules, whose flanks were caked with alternate layers of sweat and dust. Once inside, reassured by the familiar sensation of motion, they became more cheerful, lost the look of harassment, and began to inspect the ladies they drove by. And the latter, two eminently domestic matrons, perhaps, standing on the steps of their State building charmed and exhilarated by the uncommon sensation of being smiled at by magnificent, dissipated-looking gentlemen in gold-braided clothes might have been seen to throw their arms about each other in a quick gush of shy delight, in a way they had not done, probably, these twenty years. There was great fun for both sides.

To the home folks belonged the parade of the afternoon, as to the outsiders belonged, in a way, the review of the morning. There was a great grass-covered field called Lee's Parade Ground; in the grand stand at one side of it sat the President and all the gold-braid people, and with them a great choir of what on such occasions are always described as

the ropes. They climbed on benches and chairs, the young gallants helped their best girls into the lower limbs of some of the trees that grew near by, and the way they felt was exactly described by the gifted

white ships, and it seemed as if the soul of that splendid battle line was marching on as they swung across the grass, eyes right, fighting chins held stiffly in, and the band playing "Nancy Lee."

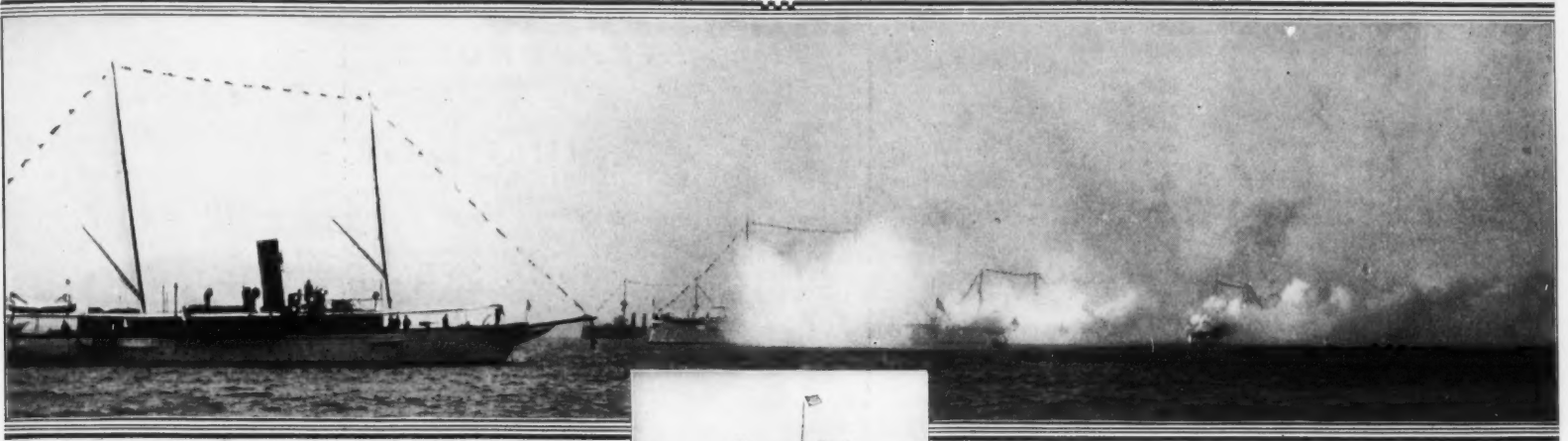
That, with the President's reception, ended the day. Night and the illumination came, the lath and lumber piles faded out, and suddenly the fleet, far across the water, sprang into light, all the way from the *Roxburghe*, over near Old Point, down to the little *Sarmiento*; two miles of twinkling hulls, masts, funnels, and fighting-tops.

Meanwhile the third century Virginians were busy with divers things. Some were dining the President at one of the old Norfolk houses, some devouring "East Lynne," and the Rev. Thos. Dixon's press agent seized the chance to issue a bulletin announcing that "Pocahontas" and "Powhatan," the two lion cubs presented to the "Clansman's" leading lady, had furiously attacked her and inflicted a terrific scratch on the finger, but that the play would open on Monday night in spite of it. But on the long piazza of the Inside Inn the Jimtowners still rehearsed the day's wonders, while on the seawall walk in front of it their younger folk strolled, or, a little wilted and sentimental by this time, sat on the edge of the walk with the waves slapping the stones just below and looked out at the twinkling ships.



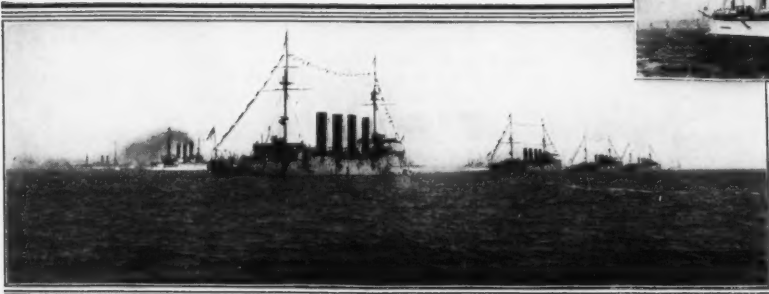
FOREIGN NAVAL OFFICERS DISEMBARKING AT "DISCOVERY LANDING"

THE NAVAL DISPLAY AT JAMESTOWN



THE FLEETS OF THE NATIONS AT HAMPTON ROADS

SALUTING THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

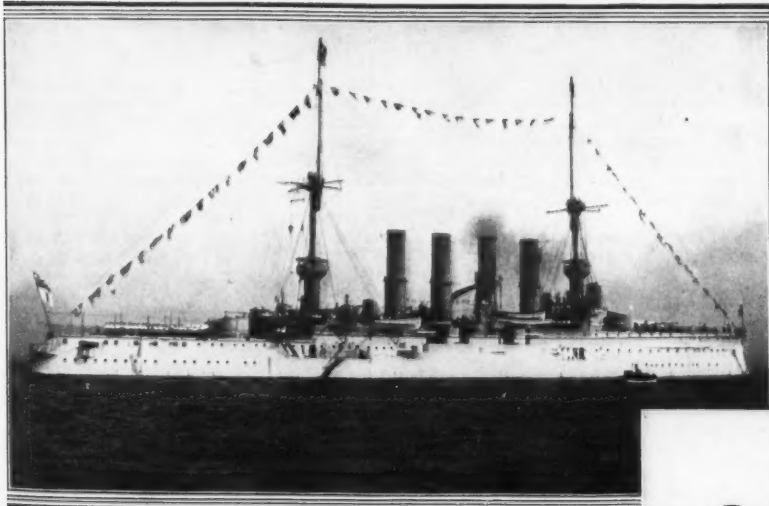


THE FOUR SHIPS REPRESENTING GREAT BRITAIN

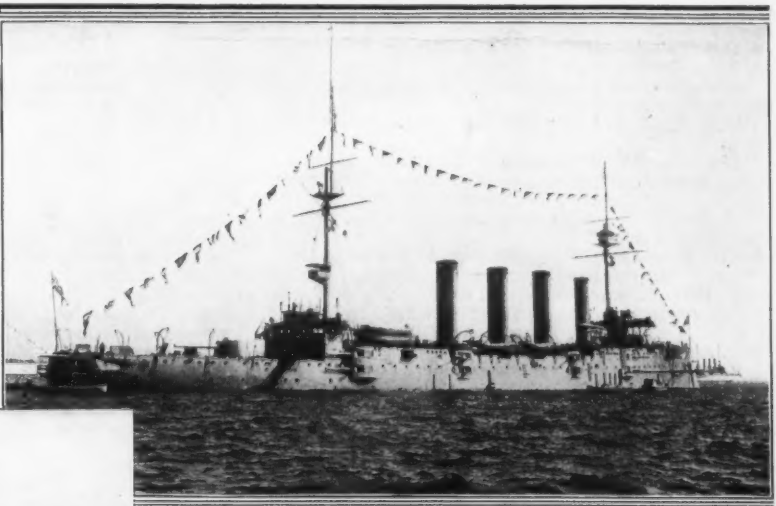


The President's yacht *Mayflower*

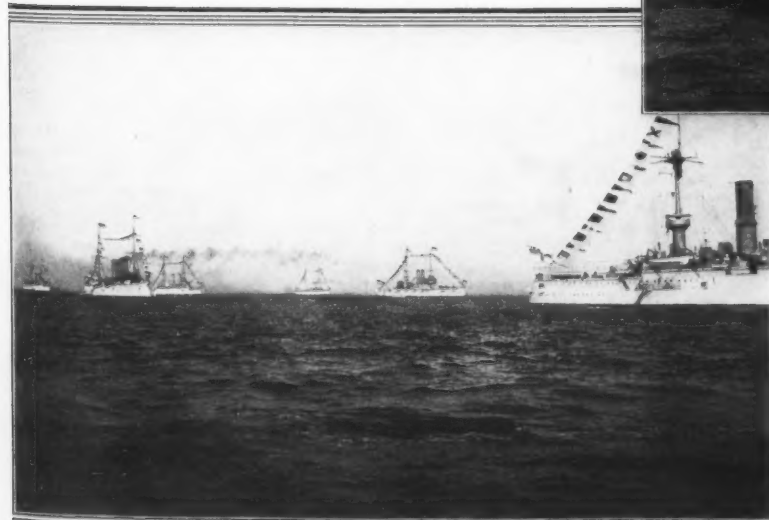
LOOKING ACROSS THE FLEET, NEAR OLD POINT



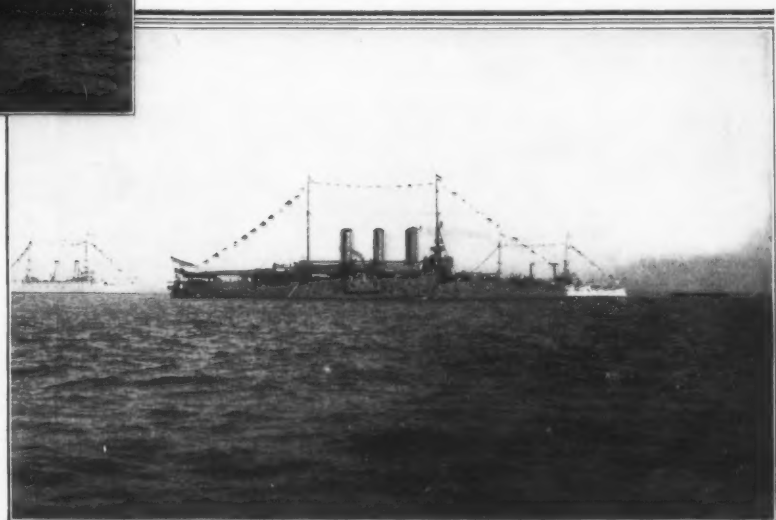
THE GERMAN FLAGSHIP *ROON*



THE BRITISH FLAGSHIP *GOOD HOPE*



SOME OF THE UNITED STATES WARSHIPS



THE AUSTRIAN FLAGSHIP *SANKT GEORG*

The old monitor *Canonicus*



THE CLOWNS

A STORY OF THE HIPPODROME

By

HARVEY J.
O'HIGGINS



Illustrated

by

F. D. STEELE



WHEN "The Henry Brothers"—the "star clowns" of the New York Amphitheatre—came down from their dressing-room for their "entry" they found "Mademoiselle Blanc" (who was Milly Yost) and her father (who was her ringmaster) waiting for them, as usual, in the wings at the head of a runway that led up to the stage from the basement stables. "Mademoiselle Blanc" nodded to the fat clown (who was Harry Burls) and said: "Ello, 'En," to the thin one (who was Hen Sutley).

Burls made a grotesque bow. He had his lips marked out with vermilion in a fixed grin that curled up into his cheeks; his nose-end was reddened; he had barbaric rings drawn around his eyes. Sutley replied to her with a slow smile. His face was the poisonous white of a death's head; his eyelids were blackened; his mouth, black, too, was painted in the melancholy wide grin of a skull; his long, bare arms were as thin as cross-bones.

Her father, arranging the fastenings in the back of the Mother Hubbard which she wore, looked over her shoulder to growl a curt greeting to the clowns. A stableman led up her white horse, Prince. Her father gave her a lift to its broad Norman back, well rubbed with powdered resin. Burls led the old man aside and began to talk with him in a low tone, confidentially.

She watched them go. "W'at's 'e got on with Pop?" she asked Sutley, under her voice.

He stroked the horse's neck. "D'yuh want to go back to the circus?"

"Me? Nyo! We on'y just got the flat lookin' like 'ome. W'y?"

"That's why." He indicated Burls and the father with an almost imperceptible movement of the head. "Keep yer eyes open. Don't say I tol' yuh."

She gave him a long stare of comprehension. "W'at d'yuh think I ham?"

He did not say—although he studied her as gravely as if he were preparing some reply. Her mother had been a frail Cockney blonde, and she herself was of that type of prettiness; but she had her father's darker eyes, and she had the robust good health of her circus training. She was just full-grown, and she was as fresh and simple-minded as most modern circus women are; but the stage had added a touch of coquetry, and she smiled down at Sutley now as she smiled sometimes at the applause of the crowded Amphitheatre.

His face, in its make-up of oxide of zinc and grease-paints, was as expressionless as wax-works. His eyes looked up at her as if through the eyeholes of a mask. "He wants to go back to the circus. He won't go unless he goes with your act."

She said: "Then 'e'll be a long time goin'." She put on a big sun-bonnet and tied its strings decisively under her chin. He nodded.

She settled herself for her public appearance as her father, with a ringmaster's long whip in his hand, took Prince by the bridle, and led him out to the cocoa mat of the Amphitheatre ring. Burls ran after, tripped on the wooden "ring-banks," fell on his face, and came before the footlights pressing the flat of his hand to his nose-end and grimacing for "a laugh"—which he did not "draw." The gaunt Sutley followed. When he came to the spot where Burls had fallen, he stepped over it with a carelessness that was only slightly exaggerated, and a little titter of genuine amusement went like a ripple over the house. Burls muttered: "Yaps! Yaps!"

Prince began to amble around the ring and the country girl in her Mother Hubbard clung to the two-handled girth of webbing that gave her a hold on the horse's back. Sutley sat down on the bank facing the footlights and began to dabble his feet—huge, false feet, bare and ugly—in the imaginary water of a pool. Burls was making an appeal, in dumb show, to Milly and her father, to be allowed to ride behind her on Prince, running after her as she swung around the circle and tripping and falling continually. When "Pop" Yost stopped the horse, Burls tried to climb up one of its hind legs, sliding down it as if it were the "greasy pole"; and Yost laid aside his whip to lend a hand. Imme-

diately, Sutley reached the whip, bent a pin to the end of the lash, impaled upon the hook—in a laughable pantomime—an imaginary earthworm as long as a shoelace, and began to fish. He was so innocently absorbed in watching for a bite that Yost's indignation fell upon him unawares. He accepted the traditional ill-treatment from the ring-master in a shrinking helplessness that was pathetically funny, and when Yost had gone back to the pair on the horse he bent another pin, went through all his pockets for a length of twine, baited with another make-believe worm, and settled himself meekly to his fishing again.

To the audience, here were merely four mountebanks, of no recognizable human personality, performing like trained animals together. It was not apparent, across the footlights, that the girl received Burls upon the horse with an inimical indifference; and the crack of the ringmaster's whip expressed to the house nothing of the parental ill-temper of which it spoke to Milly and her partners. Sutley seemed wholly interested in his absurd angling, covering his head with a red handkerchief to shade himself from a pretended sunlight, and wistfully pulling on his line to see whether he had a fish. The others seemed to be as diligently playing the fool, intent only upon amusing the audience.

And the truth was that the whole four—being circus trained and indifferent to "Rubes"—scarcely gave the audience a thought. Milly went through the motions of her act mechanically, watching Sutley and thinking of what he had said. In her pretense of awkwardness on horseback, she clung to Burls; but she might have been clinging to a dummy, for all the thought she gave him—until he asked flirtatiously: "What's the grouchy Pop's got on?" Then she returned from absent-mindedness, focusing her eyes on him to answer: "You ought to know. You were speakin' to 'im last."



"Hen Sutley" and "Harry Burls" to their friends

He, in his part, swayed and sprawled and almost fell from the horse—replying at the same time: "I wasn't askin' him any fam'ly secrets."

They bumped along together in silence, slipping and clutching at each other in a burlesque of fear.

She said out of her thoughts: "E's gettin' so cross there's no suitin' 'im."

He suggested: "Yuh might's well be married as livin' with 'im, eh?"

She had a feminine impatience for this sort of professional humor. She did not reply.

"Say, Milly," he joked, "now that yuh're thinkin' about gettin' married—how about Hen there?"

It was said partly in jealousy—for he had noticed her friendliness for Sutley—but partly also in an instinct to "clown."

She stared at him with an expression that did not take the joke. He tried to smile her down. "What's the matter, eh? He ain't as ugly as he's painted." His make-up spread his smile across his face in a mocking and enormous leer. "Couldn't yuh learn to love him?"

"Aw, come off," she said hotly, and, lurching against him, she upset his balance.

He fell from the horse's flank to the cocoa mat.

This fall was a "bit" that was in the act, but she had given it out of its time; there was no "crash" of drums to mark it, and the music, instead of quickening for the change in the act, dragged along in the unfinished movement of the amble. Nevertheless, Milly jumped to her feet on the horse's back, untied her sun-bonnet and flung it at Burls—who was limping after her, at a loss how to take up his part again, and bruised and angry. Then, with a jerk at the fastenings which her father had arranged in her Mother Hubbard, she flung off that flimsy wrapper and emerged, the lithe and graceful "Mademoiselle Blanc," in the white silk costume of an acrobat, pirouetting on one foot, poising like a ballet dancer, rising and falling swimmingly to the applause of the house.

But the music and the horse were still moving too slowly. Her father cracked his whip at Prince and cursed under his breath. The conductor of the orchestra, seeing the difficulty, tried to catch up to the act, and threw his musicians into confusion. The "equestrian director" came up frowning to the ring-bank and censured Burls for falling from the horse. There were some awkward moments before the performance began to go smoothly again, and in the mean time the defiant Milly lost her flush of impetuous ill-temper and began to consider the explanation she would have to make after her "spectacular" somersaults were finished and she faced her father in the wings.

Her success as a bareback rider was all that remained between him and the poverty of a circus acrobat's old age. He had taught and trained her. He watched over her talent, now, with the fierce jealousy of an old miser. He dictated what she was to eat. He saw to it that she kept light and supple. He went about with her like a Spanish duenna, afraid of the inevitable love affair that would mean the beginning of her end; for the laws of nature do not allow a matron to do horseback tumbling, and even maturity itself is an enemy to the agility of the equestrienne.

She knew how he would storm at her for having marred her act, and the knowledge made her anxious at a time when she should have had every faculty undistracted, every nerve tense. She made her first somersault successfully, with an accuracy almost automatic, quite unthinkingly. But as she gathered herself for her second leap she awakened suddenly to an unreadiness of mind that became a consciousness of impending failure as her body launched into its spring. Her brain seemed to hang back, fumbling with the messages it should have sent to the responding muscles; and in midair she found herself frantically "cast," dead of momentum and paralyzed with fear. For a moment the air seemed to support her, inert, as if she were floating, aware of the horse below her, the flies above her, the footlights, and the crowded house. Then she felt herself falling, and with a panic-stricken convulsion of every despairing muscle she threw herself

clear of the horse and came down upon her feet in the ring.

A pain wrenched in her back. Her father caught her as she staggered. She saw that he was white with a spasm of fear that had brought the perspiration to his forehead. "Oh, you needn't be afraid," she said bitterly. "I ain't 'spoiled.'"

His face darkened with a different emotion. "You better look sharp, me girl," he threatened. "You'll be fined for this, mind you."

"That's all you'd care about, if I broke me back."

"Ere!" he signed to Burls to lead up the horse.

"Get up there an' do yer turn."

"I won't!" she said.

"Get up there!"

"I won't. I'm 'urt. I won't." She turned to Sutley.

"En!" she called in a fierce undertone.

Sutley in the meantime had been trying to cover the break in the act by making a frantic dumb show of a man whose hook has been taken by a maskinoge; but at her cry his line broke and he ran to her to explain in pantomime that a fish two feet long (he measured it off in the air with trembling hands) had almost dragged him into the water. At the same time he asked, like a ventriloquist, without moving his lips:

"What's the matter?"

"I nearly came a nasty buster. I've strained me back."

Sutley turned to her father, repeating his pantomime, but increasing the length of the fish to three feet, and explaining at the same time: "Yuh'd better help her off. She's lamed."

Crossing to Burls, he said:

"Take away the horse. Milly's hurt." And the fish, this time, was four feet long. When he came to the "equestrian director," it was apparently to lament the loss of a young whale, and he continued running from one to the other—as they made their exit to the wings—making vain efforts to stop them with his lost fish story.

As soon as they were behind the shelter of the scenery, Yost rounded on the girl, and she turned for aid to Sutley. But it was Burls who saved her, for the moment, by stepping between her and her father and drawing the old man aside; and the authoritative ease with which he did it showed that there was some understanding between them to give the clown the influence he evidently had. Sutley said to her quickly:

"He'll use this. See?"

She saw—with a glittering dry eye of anger.

He whispered: "To-morrow's Sunday. Where can I find yuh—in the mornin'?"

Will you meet me at the corner o' Broadway? I want to see yuh."

"If I can get out. 'E'll try to make me stay in, if me back ain't better. . . . I'll come."

He went with her to the foot of the iron stairway that led to her dressing-room; and he stood to watch her mount to the first turn of the steps. She climbed slowly, an almost boyish figure, as pretty as a court page in satin doublet and hose, but lifting herself from step to step with a discouraged weariness that reflected itself in a caricature of pity on Sutley's grotesque face. She smiled wanly down at him as she disappeared, and he remained there staring up at nothing until he was pushed aside by a troop of chorus girls.

He returned to his dressing-room to change his costume for another "entry." He was busy with his wardrobe when Burls came in, triumphant, to announce:

"It's the goods, Hen. Sashay the girl home t'night, will yuh? I got bus'ness with th' ol' geezer. She's put the hog ring in her fair young snoot all right, all right."

II

THEY were "Hen Sutley" and "Harry Burls" to their friends, but they had been, in the days of their youth, Henrik Sutlev and Henry Berlitz—the first the son of a bird-fancier and taxidermist on the Bowery, and the other, as he said, "the heir of a kosher barber" on Canal Street. They had been doing "comic entries" together for thirteen years—beginning with a night at the old Columbia Music Hall when Sutley had given some shrill "vocal imitations" of birds and beasts while Burls had "executed" buck and wing dances and nasalized comic songs; and they were bound now in their partnership by all these years of hardship which they had endured, by the prosperity they had achieved, by the apprenticeship and the success in life which they had shared together.

But they had come to the Amphitheatre from the circus-ring where Sutley had been little better than a "feeder" to the popular Burls; and now he was in a fair way to make Burls merely a feeder to the popular

Sutley; for Burls was a "knockabout" clown, and his slap-stick art was in tune with a three-ring circus, but too loud for the theatre; whereas Sutley merely translated the actions of life into terms of his own personality, expressing himself in a pantomime that was naturally comic just as the movements of beauty are naturally graceful, and he had "made a hit" in the Amphitheatre after failing to make one in the circus tent. It was chiefly for this reason that Burls wished to return to the "big top"; and it was for this reason, too, that Sutley wished to remain on the stage.

"He don't know that I know why he's doin' it," Sutley explained to the girl. "An' I don't like to let on. He's pretendin' it's because he'd sooner be out on the road—where we'd make more money, he says, if we'd sign a contrac' all together—you an' Pop, an' me an' him. I wouldn't like 'm to know I was playin' against him. But I don't want to go back, if I can help it."

They had stopped, on their way from the theatre, to rest on a bench in Bryant Park, where the trees, in their new green, spread their leaves against the electric light with an artificial vividness and transparency of color that had the tone of a stage setting. She was

He did not reply to her. He went on with his thoughts, almost tenderly: "I mind once, when we got stranded in Kansas and had to beat our way back to Chicago, we begged a couple o' handouts from a back door an' went an' sat 'n under a water-tank waitin' fer a freight to come along— We drank the water that dripped out o' the tank, too—an' there was a lot o' names cut in the beams that the tank was on, an' while Harry was cuttin' his name in with the rest, a big farmer's dog sneaked up an' eat his grub—an' then he was mad because I'd eat mine while he was carvin' his name."

She made a contemptuous sound in her throat.

"I had m' arm broke comin' home—sleepin' in among the lumber on a flat car, an' the load shifted onto me in the night—an' Harry tore the back out of his shirt to make a sling fer me." He drew up his sleeve to bare his forearm, and sat studying it for so long a time that she leaned forward, beside him, to look. There was nothing that she could see. When he had pulled down his cuff again he concluded: "He's all right, I guess. That's just his way. He thinks he ought to be clownin' all the time."

"Don't you believe it, 'En," she broke out. "'E's just usin' you the way Pop does me. An' I ain't but a trained monkey to Pop. 'E doesn't treat me 'uman. I can't even talk to no one. It's a dawg's life; that's w'at it is."

He shook his head. "He's scared yuh'll get away from him."

"Ow get away from 'im?"

"Well, if you was to get married—see? I guess he's scared yuh'll meet some one that way. I mind that was the way it was with Lally Dulan an' her maw."

"I got a right to get married, ain't I?"

"Yuh sure have, Milly," he said gently.

There was something in his voice that caught her ear; she looked up at him with a sidelong glance. His thin features, yellowed by the paints, wore the blank look which his profession had made second nature to him; but his eyes, thoughtful and melancholy, fixed on vacancy, gave his face an expression of mute wistfulness that was almost ludicrous. "I say!" she laughed. "It ain't as bad as that, is it?"

He turned to find her apparently mocking him with her amusement. "What ain't?"

"Gettin' married."

He replied with an attempted smile that was little better than a writhing of the lips: "I guess I'm a good deal of a joke, ain't I?"

"Oh, I know," he went on. "It's paint yer face an' play the fool, fer mine. I ain't kickin'. They're right, all right."

He made as if to rise. She stopped him with a hand on his arm. "W'at 're you talkin' about any'ow?"

"I'm talkin' about you," he said bitterly, "an' me. If I'd 'a' been anythin' but a joke d'yuh think Pop'd 'a' let me come with yuh? Say, gi' me the laugh. Go on, I kind o' miss it."

She straightened her hat. She tucked her handkerchief into her cuff. She stood up. Then she said, looking down at him: "That's w'y I bumped 'im off the 'orse—fer talkin' that way about you an' me. . . . Come on. I'm goin' 'ome."

"Mil!" He caught her hand to hold her. "Is that—is that right?"

Her fingers—the strong fingers of the circus woman—closed on his in a friendly pressure that crushed his bones. "Come on, 'En," she said. "Pop'll be after us if we don't 'urry."

He replied, in the fervent voice of a lover: "T' 'ell with Pop"—and drew her down to him.

"G—, Mil," he said, in a broken rush of emotion, "if yuh'll stan' by me— I didn't care where I went to before, ner what I did. I'd 'a' gone back with Harry an' give up. But if yuh'll stan' by me— I'm on the right track. I know I am. There's never been a clown—a good one—that's done the knockabout. It's been life with them—the same as with me. I c'n make good. I c'n make good without him—Harry. Yuh needn't be scared o' that."

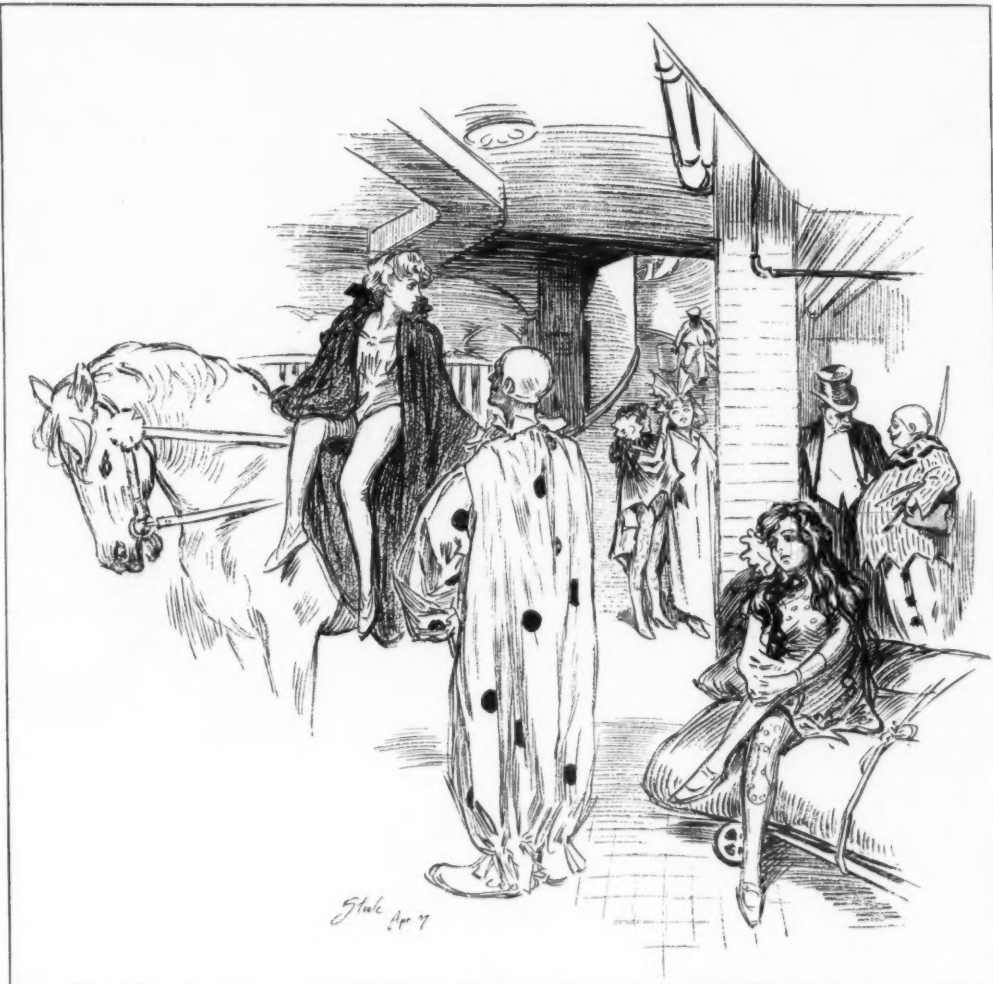
"I'm not scared," she said. She asked, in another tone: "Do you like me, 'En—much?"

He drew a long breath, as if to get a grip on his voice. "Mil," he said, "I ain't— The first time I seen yuh—"

"All right, 'En," she laughed. "I'll take yer word fer it."

"Aw, don't make fun o' me, Mil," he pleaded.

For answer she leaned forward and put his arm behind her and snuggled up to him. "Who's makin' fun o' you, you big goose?" she whispered. Her face was upturned, invitingly. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand before he kissed her—a fumbling



"W'at's 'e got on with Pop?" she asked . . . , under her voice

sitting up, stiff-backed and defiant. He was nursing a sharp knee in his clasped hands, gazing out under his hat-brim gloomily.

"'E don't consider *your* feelin's, 'En," she told him.

"Well," he said, "yuh know I never cut much ice in the bus'ness till we come here. He ain't been used to considerin' me. I don't blame him, neither. I guess I ain't such a much."

"You're as much as 'e is," she cried. "An' 'e needn't poke fun at yuh, anyway. I gave 'm a good bump fer that."

"Fer what? How?"

"Didn't you know I shoved 'im off the 'orse?"

"No! What'd yuh do that fer?"

"Fer w'at 'e said. 'E's too fresh by 'alf."

"He don't mean anythin' by it. He's always been like that. He's all right."

"Well, 'e don't stick up fer *you* the way you stick up fer 'im, 'En."

"I guess he thinks I don't need it any more then."

He shook his head. "We been stickin' together a long while. We been through a lot o' trouble." He sat, thinking it over in silence. "We were near lynched together, once, in Macon. They took us fer a pair o' huckmen that'd been skinnin' the crowd with a shell game, out on 'the lot.' An' when we went into town to get some crackers an' cheese they folly'd us. They'd 'a' lynched us if it hadn't been for some o' the zinc I had in m' ears. They wouldn't believe us when we said we were the clowns—until I showed 'm the make-up I hadn't washed out o' m' ears."

He smiled slowly as he added: "At first, when Harry seen 'em pointin' us out an' follyin' us up on the street, he thought we'd made a hit. He thought they were pointin' us out because we were the clowns."

"Served 'im right," she said. "'E thinks 'e's the whole show now."

clumsy kiss that made her laugh again with a half-amused and wholly contented chuckle. "All right, 'En," she said. "I'm appy. Now w'at 're you goin' to do with Pop?"

III

THE following day, as Sutley had remarked, was Sunday; and in the morning Milly tried to escape from her father's surveillance by insisting that she must go to church. "W'at for?" "Because I want to. It ain't agayn the law to go to church, I 'ope." He grumbled that she was always taking up with some crazy notion or other, but he could not in reason keep her home, and he contented himself with accompanying her as far as the church door.

She wore her new spring hat, with a white veil, and she was as excited as a bride. He did not notice it. They passed Sutley at a street corner, and Yost nodded curtly, unaware of the significant look with which Milly signaled her lover as she went by. The clown followed her at a safe distance. He saw her father leave the church steps, and he waited until the old man had turned the street corner. Then he hurried furtively to join her where she was waiting him in the vestibule.

"Did you get it?" she whispered. "Sure!" He produced, from an upper pocket of his white waistcoat a precious square of paper that shook in his hands as he unfolded it. "The parson says he'll see us after the show in here's over." He indicated the muffled singing of the congregation with a jerk of the head toward the closed inner doors of the church. "We're to go aroun' to the side somewheres."

"Ow much does 'e want?" "Whatever I want to give," he says. He explained it to her perplexedly. "They don't have a reg'lar price."

She choked down an excited gurgle of laughter, blushing up at him. "Ow much d'you think it's worth?"

"G—! Milly," he faltered. "It's worth all I'll ever make."

"Well," she said, with a flippancy that was half hysterical, "that's w'at it's goin' to cost you before you're done with me." One of the ushers of the church approached them. "Come on," she whispered, taking Sutley's arm. "We might 's well see th' ole performance."

They went in to their wedding like a country couple entering a side show.

Meanwhile her father, after stopping by the way in a saloon, returned to the flat in which he and Milly had spent the winter, and sat down beside a front-room window, in his shirt-sleeves, to smoke. It was the typical room of a circus man's leisure, decorated with old photographs of acrobatic troupes and high-wire "artists" and famous equestriennes who smiled out of yellowing prints as if they had thought their long-forgotten charms would bloom there immortally. A riding whip, which his wife had used, was crossed with a horseshoe under a staring crayon portrait of her wearing her "waterfall" in a chenille net. A tarnished gilt frame held the indenture of his apprenticeship, made when he was six years old, to a "teacher of dancing, gymnastics, and theatrical horsemanship." (The man used to lash him with a "lunge" whip, holding him with a line about the waist; and Yost remembered that training when he was considering how best to discipline his daughter.)

His past was thick about him—and he smoked, indifferent to it all, callous with age, and sleepy. His gray eyebrows were tilted up from the bridge of his nose in a harmless scowl; his gray mustache, professionally waxed, bristled above a mouth that drooped weakly at one corner where the pipe weighed it down.

He was not troubled about Milly. He was accustomed to think of her—as the old person so often thinks of the young one—not as a human being with attributes and character, but rather as a new example of the known faults and flightinesses of youth. He considered that she needed a proper display of harshness on occasion, patience and a firm hand. He felt that she would understand and appreciate his stern care of her as she grew older.

And he was not troubled about Burls. He had decided to "turn down" that too friendly adviser. He considered himself "too old a bird to be caught by chaff." If there was more money to be made out of Milly's act with a circus, he and Milly were going to make it themselves. He was able to attend to that. Burls could make his own contracts, and he and Milly would make theirs.

He blinked drowsily, satisfied with himself, with his circumstances, with life in general. The sun was bright; the children were playing in the street; a German servant was singing and clattering dishes in the kitchen. He would have a good dinner when Milly came back, and then he would settle down for a quiet Sunday afternoon, undisturbed. So—

He put his pipe on the window-sill and lay back in his chair to have a snooze.

He was awakened by the sound of voices. The servant had come to the front door in reply to the bell that had rung in the kitchen. He opened his eyes, blinking. Burls was entering with a genial smile, and Yost, because he had been disturbed, scowled at the intruder.

Burls accepted the scowl with a beaming good nature. "Takin' it easy, eh? That's right. I been seein' them down at the Garden about that contrac'." He had begun to sit down, and though Yost put in curtly: "I don't want a contract; I'm goin' to stay w'ere I am," Burls lowered himself into the armchair and nodded as if this reply did not in any way change the situation.

"Don't want it, eh? Got somethin' better?"

"We stay w'ere we are."

"Uh-huh? Well, I don't know but what yuh're wise. I was on'y int'rested in goin' on account o' Mil. This chorus-girl life ain't exactly the right soil to bring up a girl like her, d'yuh think? That's the way I feel

about it anyway. I guess I'm kind o' soft about her." He looked up at the wall, smiling. "She's a mighty fine girl, Milly is. I don't like to think o' her gettin' mixed up with any o' them Willies that hang aroun' the stage-door."

"I can see to that."

"Mebbe yuh're right. But I been thinkin' now—She'll be gettin' married, some day, won't she? She was talkin' about it las' night. An' I been thinkin', what's the matter with givin' one of us a chanct—some one that's in the bus'ness with yuh? Yuh can't keep her like she was in a nunn'ry. She'll get away from yuh, sure. That's human nature. What's the matter with givin' me a show?" He was talking now with the most evident earnestness. "I'm kind o' soft on the girl. I like her—an' I don't know that she don't like me. If yuh'll gi' me a leg up, I can make it."

Yost threw out his hands with a gesture of uncontrollable impatience. "Leave us alone! Leave us alone! Mind yer own bus'ness, will you? W'at the—! I can make me own contracts. I can look after me own daughter." He checked himself on the sound of her voice in the hallway. "Don't you be puttin' notions into 'er 'ead now," he said hoarsely, "or by—" "That's all right," Burls smiled. "Think it over."

The door opened before her—and Sutley. "Ello!" she said gayly. "Ere's 'En come to have dinner with us."

Yost cried: "W'at!" Sutley came in, very red and guilty, and Burls, looking over his shoulder in surprise, caught his partner's expression and turned in his chair, drawn around by the expectation of he did not know what. Milly added, as she took off her hat: "E 'as something to tell you?"

Yost cried: "Somethin' to w'at?"

Sutley shifted his feet heavily, and then looked down at them as if he had expected to find them the false ones which he wore on the stage. "Yuh see," he began inconsequentially, "Milly an' me didn't want to go back to the circus. She don't like it there any more'n I do—an' I never cut much ice 'n under canvas. I c'n make more money where I am. They'll give us a contrac'—Burls an' me—fer a hunderd an' fifty apiece fer three years to stay on where we are."

"W'at the bl—'s that got to do with me?"

"Well, yuh see, Milly an' me, we didn't want to go back, an' Milly said she'd stan' by me. An'—"

"You're at it, too, are you?" He swallowed wrathily.

"You can get out o' 'ere an' mind yer own affairs. I'll look to me own bus'ness without any 'elp neither from you ner Burls."

"Ol' on now, Pop," Milly interfered. She nudged Sutley. "Go on an' tell 'im." She closed the door behind her to shut off the servant.

Sutley gulped. "We—we got married this mornin'." He did not look up to see Yost's expression, but the silence in the little room was itself an accusing gaze of amazement against which he continued apologetically: "Yuh see, she didn't want to go back to the circus, an' I didn't. She wanted to stay in the flat instead o' knockin' aroun' on the road—so we thought we'd just stan' by each other that way—an' see if we couldn't fix it up afterwards." His voice faded away in an unintelligible mumble.

The old man had half-risen from his chair, as open-mouthed as Pantomime, his eyes fixed in a staring speechlessness on his daughter. She was unconscious of the fact that she was busily shaking out her veil and folding it in a trembling excitement.

"Milly!"

She shook her head, without looking at him. "I 'ad a right to get married. I ain't a trained monkey. I 'ave a right to live as well as other people."

And suddenly Burls, bringing his hand down with a smack on his knee, broke out in an echoing guffaw.



"Milly . . . Is that—is that right?"

and lay back in his chair shouting his laughter, open-mouthed, his eyes shut.

Yost sprang to his feet. "You let 'im take you in with a lie like that? 'Im! 'Im an' this other one!" He pointed at Burls, his hand shaking. He shook his fist at Sutley, sputtering Cockney oaths. "The two o' them! That's w'at they've been up to!" Burls belatedly "Ho-ho-ho!" convulsed and helpless, unable to defend himself though Yost, in a dancing rage, kicked at his legs and shouted: "Look at 'im! Look at 'im! Because you've made a fool of yerself—married!" The girl screamed through the uproar: "W'at's the matter with 'im? W'at's the matter with you?" Her father turned on her. "You d— little—! You'd make a fool o' me, would you?" He raised his fist at her. She sprang behind Sutley. And Sutley—who had been standing quiet in the midst of the confusion, listening, solemnly intent—faced the father with an expression of disturbed pity. Yost was opening and shutting his mouth on an anger that was choked in breathlessness—caught suddenly with pain in the heart—threatening the clown with his raised fist that remained checked in mid-air.

"That's all right, now," Sutley said. "I don't want none o' what she earns. Yuh needn't get— Milly!"

The old man had collapsed, and Sutley, with that cry to the girl, caught him as he tottered. "Get 's a drink quick."

Burls was still sobbing with the exhaustion of laughter, even when he dragged himself to his feet to assist them. They laid Yost back in the chair from which Burls had risen, and Milly struck the sniggering clown an angry cuff on the head to silence him. He threw up his elbow to shield himself, hysterically weak. She thrust him away from them. He stumbled and fell into a chair, where he buried his face in his hands, limp.

"Get 'm a drink," Sutley pleaded, trying to fan the old man with his open hands, and apologizing frantically: "That's all right, now. It needn't make no difference to you an' Milly. I c'n earn enough fer her an' me, an' you c'n have what she makes. Yuh needn't mind me aroun'. I ain't much good, but it ain't Milly's fault. It's natural fer her to want to get married, an' it's better fer her to marry some one in the bus'ness."

Yost roused himself to a sort of expiring gesture of contempt and fell back gasping. "It needn't make no difference to you," Sutley kept on. "Burls hadn't nothin' to do with it. We did it so we wouldn't have to go back to the circus. That needn't make no difference to you. Yuh needn't get mad about it."

His feeble gestures, his anxious tone, his expression of awkward solicitude—all were unconsciously clownish and laughable; and when Milly came back with a bottle and a glass, she put him aside, in a sort of distracted perception of his absurdity. She poured a drink for her father and held it to his lips. He looked up at Sutley in a weak disgust that would have expressed itself plaintively if it could have expressed itself at all.

As soon as he found his voice, he said: "Take 'im away. Take 'im away from me."

"Now, look 'ere, Pop," she replied. "You behave yerself. 'E never would 'a married me at all if I 'adn't asked 'im. You behave yerself. You're a disgrace to the fam'ly." And it was evident from her manner that she and Sutley were "the fam'ly."

It was the servant who ended the scene—and recalled them all to the proprieties—by putting her head in the door to announce: "'S retty—dinner!"

THEY ate that dinner—Milly's wedding dinner—the four of them together; and this is the way Burls describes it:

"Th' ol' skin that wouldn't let any one in on his contrac' fer the girl—there he was without a girl to make a contrac' fer, any more—an' Hen lookin' as silly as the cat that's eat the canary—an' her ridin' through the dinner as neat as bareback an' never comin' a tumble. Say, it was the d—dest funniest weddin' dinner I ever sat in against." He tells of it with roars of laughter, mimicking the old man's surly manner at the table, and Sutley's ridiculous shamefacedness, and Milly's self-possession in a situation that threatened every minute to become a farce. But he is most effective when he relates how Sutley told the old ringmaster that Milly and he were married and Yost attacked the clown with a circus whip! And this is almost as amusing as his other account of how he and Sutley were almost lynched in Macon, and of how he saved Sutley and himself by sending the mob into convulsions of laughter with his clowning.

It is impossible to make Sutley speak of his wedding day. "Th' ol' man was kind o' sore on us fer a while," he admits, "but he's all right now. Milly an' him don't work any more. They're busy lookin' after the kid. An' say, y' ought to see that kid. She's as purty as a picture. That's dead right. She don't look like me—much."

He has never guessed that Burls, in his own way, was as much in love with Milly as he himself was, and that Burls wished to return to the circus as much to shine in Milly's eyes as to hear the applause of the "yaps." This is a secret which Burls keeps to himself. The only hint he ever gives of it is when he says, disgustedly: "I tell yuh what's the whole trouble with women; they don't know good clownin' when they see it. They got no sense o' humor. They're too daddled, ding-donged matter o' fact."

In fine, the difference between the two Henry Brothers is—as a dramatic critic has written of them, jocularly—"the difference between a follower of the repressed-force school of realism and the romantic artist who adds one to nature and begins where the realist leaves off." It is a difference in temperament, as such differences in art usually are. In this case it is the difference between the man who is sincere with life and the man who tries to trick with it. And it has never been more strikingly shown in their work on the stage than it was in their courtship of "Mademoiselle Blanc."

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

THE IMPERIAL CONCLAVE

THE Colonial Conference that has been in session in London since the 15th of April has been a matter of acute anxiety to the British Empire. It represents the really vital parts of the Empire—the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies of Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal, comprising 7,411,698 square miles of territory, and about 58,000,000 people, mostly white. When we speak of the British Empire as a solid force in the world, this is what we mean. The three hundred million East Indians and the forty million blacks outside the self-governing areas are not a source of strength, but rather of dispersion and weakness. They have to be carried on the backs of the people of "the Blood."

Each of the allied nations of the Empire is represented by its Premier—Canada by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Newfoundland by Sir Robert Bond, the Australian Commonwealth by Mr. Alfred Deakin, New Zealand by Sir Joseph G. Ward, the Cape by Dr. Jameson, Natal by Mr. Frederick R. Moor, and the Transvaal by General Louis Botha. The Colonial Premiers, representing some fifteen million people with infinite possibilities of expansion, confront at London the Government of the United Kingdom, representing forty-three million people whose growth is practically complete. It is the infant future facing the adult present.

The Colonial representatives found themselves arrayed against the home government on the question of tariff preference. None of them had any scruples against protection, but they had to deal with a government which had come into power on the issue of free trade. England lost the United States because she insisted on her right to tax the colonies; the question now was whether the colonies should be allowed to tax England. On that point some of them felt warmly, but others were indifferent. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, representing the greatest colony and the one that had taken the lead in granting preferential duties to British trade, held from the beginning that England had the right to decide upon her own policy in this matter without colonial pressure. Premier Deakin, of Australia, made no attempt to conceal the intensity of his feeling that the mother country should meet the colonies half-way in granting mutual trade advantages.

The project of knitting the Empire in the bonds of a closer political organization had been near to the hearts of one element and regarded with jealous fear by another. The French Canadians were especially hostile to any such scheme. They were satisfied with things as they were. They wanted no centralized authority that might encroach upon their own freedom. The Imperialists had hoped that the Colonial Conferences might be developed into a powerful Imperial Council, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier had gone to London pledged to oppose any plan of that kind. Premier Botha, of the Transvaal, stood with him. Finally a compromise was unanimously agreed upon. It was decided to change the name of the Colonial Conference to "Imperial Conference"—not "Council." The Imperial Conference was to meet every four years to discuss the common interests of the Empire. The Premier of the United Kingdom was to be the president of the Conference ex-officio, the Colonial Secretary and the Colonial Premiers ex-officio members, and the various governments were to appoint other members. Each government was

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SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

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to have two votes. A department of the Colonial Office was to be created, with a permanent secretarial staff, charged with the duty of obtaining information for the use of the Conference and dealing tentatively with matters of imperial interest arising in the intervals between meetings. The fact that imperial concerns were still to be attached to the Colonial Office was a deep disappointment to the advocates of a high-flying Imperial Federation. The London "Morning Post" said bitterly that the plan would actually tighten the leading strings it had been proposed to relax and would fortify the waning influence of Downing Street by furnishing the old bureaucracy with a more subtle means of control than it had ever before possessed, and it summed up the new situation in the epigram: "The Empire is annexed departmentally to the United Kingdom."

The third great question in dispute was also settled by a compromise which left the independence of the States of the Empire undisturbed. A common military and naval organization for Imperial defense, with contributions of men, money, and ships from all the allied nations, had been a dream of the Imperial Federationists. But here again Canada led the opposition. Sir Wilfrid Laurier consented, however, to the creation of a General Staff, selected from the whole Empire, which should study military science, collect military intelligence and disseminate it to the various governments, undertake the preparation of schemes of defense on a common principle, and "without in the least interfering with questions connected with the command or the administration," should give advice at the request of the respective governments upon the training, education, and war organization of the military forces of the Crown in every part of the Empire. Financial contributions to the navy did not meet with much favor.

It was noted as significant that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and General Botha, the two Premiers of non-British stock, were together on every proposition. The surviving anti-Boer element in England found ground for suspicion in Botha's desire for a large standing army of mounted infantry and artillery in the Transvaal. Some of the representatives of the Rand mine-owners hinted darkly that if things went much further it might be necessary for the British in South Africa to secede from the Empire and whip the Boers into submission.

ROOSEVELT AND LABOR

IT is seldom that a single sentence does such execution as was wreaked by President Roosevelt's remark, in his letter to Mr. Sherman, that financiers of the Harriman type were as "undesirable citizens" as men like Debs, Moyer, and Haywood. The first shrieks of anguish came from the Harriman side. It was regarded in respectable Wall Street circles as an outrage to compare a distinguished railroad president who had always succeeded in keeping out of jail with three agitators who had all been behind the bars. By the time the significance of the comparison had percolated through the consciousness of the labor leaders they became equally indignant. Their wrath was not altogether a matter of wounded pride. Moyer and Haywood were on trial for their lives, and their friends said, with some appearance of justice, that a condemnation of their character from a man in the position and with the personal authority of President Roosevelt would prejudice their defense.

Vigorous protests from labor organizations rained upon the President by mail and telegraph without drawing any reply, and delegations prepared to go to Washington to force a personal explanation. Finally, on April 23, one Honoré Jaxon of Chicago, chairman of the "Cook County Moyer-Haywood Conference," succeeded in extracting a long letter from the White House. In this the President remarked:

"I entirely agree with you that it is improper to endeavor to influence the course of justice, whether by threats or in any similar manner. For this reason I have regretted most deeply the action of such organizations as your own in undertaking to accomplish this very result in the very case of which you speak. For instance, your letter is headed: 'Cook County Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone Conference,' with the headlines 'Death Can Not, Will Not, and Shall Not Claim Our Brothers.'"

"This shows that you and your associates are not demanding a fair trial, or working for a fair trial, but are announcing in advance that the verdict shall only be one way, and that you will not tolerate any other verdict. Such action is flagrant in its impropriety, and I join heartily in condemning it."

But while thus frankly admitting the impropriety of his critics' behavior the President insisted that it was "a simple absurdity" to make the fact that a man was on trial a reason for freeing him from all criticisms upon his general conduct and manner of life. He thought it as foolish to say that his comparison of Harriman with Debs, Moyer, and Haywood was designed to influence the trial of Moyer and Haywood as to assert that it was designed to influence the suits against Harriman. He had expressed no opinion in the Idaho cases, but no possible outcome of the trial or of the suits could affect his judgment as to the undesirability of such types of citizenship as he had mentioned:

"Messrs. Moyer, Haywood, and Debs stand as representatives of those men who have done as much to discredit the labor movement as the worst speculative financiers or most unscrupulous employers of labor and debauchers of Legislatures have done to discredit honest capitalists and fair-dealing business men."

"They stand as the representatives of these men, who by their public utterances and manifestoes, by the utterances of the papers they control or inspire, and by the words and deeds of those associated with or subordinated to them, habitually appear as guilty of incitement to or apology for bloodshed and violence."

"If this does not constitute undesirable citizenship, then there can never be any undesirable citizens."

The President repeated his admiration of the "honest laboring man," who was misrepresented

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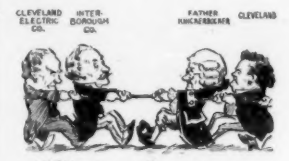
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by preachers of violence. He expressed his profound indifference to condemnation either from the Harriman or from the Moyer-Haywood class.

As a bit of "you're another" repartee, the Presidential answer was perfect, and left the "Cook County Moyer-Haywood Conference" nothing to say. The partisans of the Idaho defendants were naturally enraged, preparations were made for a great union demonstration against the President, and it was freely asserted that he had lost the labor vote. But it soon appeared that there was a strong conservative element in the unions which was not at all disposed to break with Mr. Roosevelt on this issue. The accused men themselves were anxious to have the controversy dropped, and some of their counsel said that their case had already been injured by too much agitation.



A CORPORATE TUG OF WAR

New York and Cleveland are trying to find out whether they own their own streets

THE relations between cities and public service corporations, which have become critical in a number of important places, are especially acute in New York and Cleveland. The question whether the transportation system in the old city of New York, forming the present boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx, shall be handed over in bulk to the Interborough monopoly, or whether there shall be a bit of independent service, has reached the point of definite decision. A few years ago New York had two independent systems of surface lines, and one of elevated lines, with an independent municipal subway in sight. The city built the subway and turned it over to the Interborough Company to operate, and that company forthwith absorbed the surface and elevated lines and achieved a monopoly of all available means of transportation except airships, carriages, and feet. In order to break this monopoly the Legislature passed the Elsberg bill, which restricted future contracts and gave the city the right to build subways of its own, and operate them, if necessary.

The Rapid Transit Commission violently opposed the Elsberg bill, acting apparently on the theory that New York was entitled only to such transportation facilities as the Interborough Company might choose to furnish. It predicted that no more subways would be built if the measure should become a law, and then seemingly set itself to work to verify its own predictions. It laid out new routes designed to serve as links in the Interborough system and of course not particularly attractive to any other bidders. When the board met to open bids on April 25 it was found that there were none to open. The Interborough Company, which already gets all the nickels the public is spending for carfare, whether in the air, on the earth, or underground, explained that the cost of carrying out the proposed contracts would be so high that it did not see any profit in the enterprise. It was willing, however, to supply some of the missing links in its system at cost, the city to pay the bill. The Rapid Transit Commission thereupon folded its hands in despair and said that the Elsberg law was crippling the city's transit facilities. Fortunately the situation will soon come under the control of Governor Hughes's new Public Utilities Commission, which may be expected to carry out the intentions of the lawmakers by proceeding with the construction of subways regardless of the Interborough Company's interests. According to Chief Engineer Rice, of the Rapid Transit Commission, the city will need ten new subways within the next ten years.

The street railroad war in Cleveland reached a climax at midnight on April 23, when the Cleveland Electric Company abandoned its service on the Central and Quincy Avenue lines, for which its franchises had expired. Just before doing this it secured an injunction preventing any of the allied low-fare companies from operating cars on those streets, so that fifteen or twenty thousand people had to walk the next morning. A new tangle of litigation followed. Meanwhile the old company offered to accept a new grant on those streets on the basis of seven tickets for a quarter—a little over three and a half cents per ticket—with transfers to most of the other lines in the city. A scramble for consents of property-owners ensued, the low-fare people offering three dollars per front foot and the old monopoly four. The City Council, acting under Mayor Johnson's influence, voted on April 27 to grant a new franchise to the Low-Fare Company to operate in Central, Quincy, Euclid, and Superior Avenues. It also gave permission to the old company to remove its Central-Quincy tracks. Although the Cleveland Electric Company had persistently alleged that a three-cent-fare line could not be run at a profit, it made the rather inconsistent assertion that its offer of seven tickets for a quarter with practically universal transfers was really cheaper than a straight three-cent fare. Its unceasing resort to every device of legal obstruction to keep the three-cent companies from serving the public looked more like an attempt to keep a profitable business out of their hands than like an effort to restrain them from committing financial suicide. The Cleveland situation has been unscrupulously misrepresented in other parts of the country by newspapers which pretend that the low-fare experiment has had a fair trial and has failed.

CANADA'S COAL STRIKE

A fuel famine threatens the industries of the Western Provinces



SINCE the middle of April the great Canadian West has been facing the immediate danger of industrial paralysis, to be followed later by another winter of suffering from lack of fuel. At the Peace Congress in New York Earl Grey told of the great advance Canada had made toward industrial peace by the passage of a law requiring trades disputes to be submitted to a Government Conciliation Board before reaching the point of a strike or a

IMPROVED "Lincoln" Leather Garters

50c

3 SIZES

Adjustable

No. 10 10' to 13'

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Patent Sliding Glove Clasp allows adjustment to the fraction of an inch.

English pigskin is perspiration proof and won't stretch; always soft and pliable.

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THE LOCKHART, MACBEAN CO., Inc.
Makers of Lincoln Lisle 50c. Suspenders
1215 Market Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Under the Overshirt. Over the Undershirt.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE GENUINE ARE STAMPED "COATLESS"

It Gathers the Shirt and Fastens to Trouser Button. Write for illustrated and descriptive booklet.

"COATLESS" SUSPENDER

The only practical summer suspender. Easy to put on and take off. Always invisible. Are double adjustable and may be tightened or loosened in front and back to suit wearer's fancy. Fastens at each hip button of the trousers, and supports them perfectly. Cool, comfortable, and negligible. For sale at all good shops or sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

Beware of imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4th, 1905.

CROWN SUSPENDER CO., 828 Broadway, New York
SUSPENDERS, BELTS, LEATHER AND ELASTIC GARTERS.

HEALTH MERRY GO ROUND

Ten feet across—not a toy—but the real thing. No child too big to enjoy and want one—three-year-old can run it—four roomy seats.

Healthful Outdoor Sport—like rowing—for boys and girls, developing lungs, straightening backs, strengthening limbs. Keeps children at home and off dusty streets and sidewalks. Endorsed by physicians and parents.

Full toned organ with every outfit, begins playing when Merry Go Round starts. Plays any tune.

HEALTH MERRY GO ROUND CO.
Dept. 5 QUINCY, ILL.

"Old Hickory" Spindle Back Chair \$1.75

Guaranteed most serviceable, comfortable, attractive chair for Porch and Lawn use ever sold at this remarkably low price. Will stand all sorts of weather. Solidly constructed of genuine white hickory with bark on. Seat 18 ins. long, 16 ins. deep; height over all 40 ins. Price \$1.75 (freight prepaid east of Miss. River. 120 other styles of chairs, settees, tables, etc., \$1.50 up.

Be sure to get the "Old Hickory" Furniture and see that our trade mark is on every piece. If your dealer will not supply you, remit direct to us. Ask for new 48-page illustrated catalogue and our Special Introductory Offer—Free

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More solid fun, more to make boys and girls sturdy and self-reliant in a Pony Trap than anything you can get. Eagle Pony Vehicles have all the style of the finest full-sized traps. Built for hard and constant use. Moderate in price.

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THE EAGLE CARRIAGE CO., 1303 Court Street, Cincinnati.

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June 24—August 2, 1907

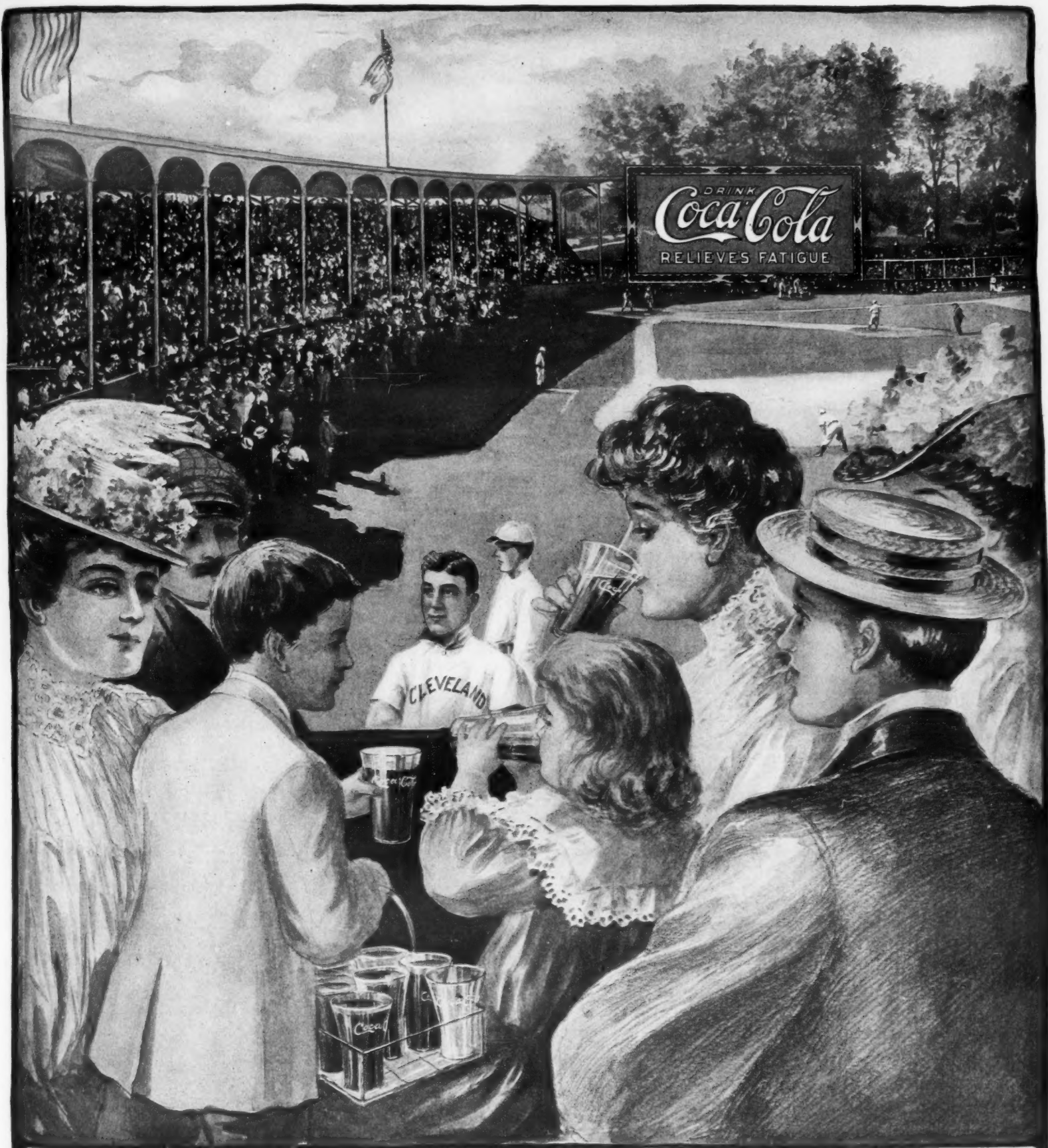
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*THE GREAT NATIONAL DRINK
AT
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Patrons and athletes alike find Coca-Cola as much a part of their enthusiasm as the game itself.

Napoleon Lajoie, the great Cleveland batsman-manager, says: "I drink Coca-Cola regularly and have been doing so for years. It is the best, most refreshing beverage an athlete can drink."

Rube Waddell says he keeps it on the bench for an emergency, and that its REFRESHING! INVIGORATING! SUSTAINING! qualities have pulled him out of many a tight place.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

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Chance and uncertainty need no longer enter into paint-buying. There is now an unfailing, unmistakable mark of quality, whereby anyone, from the most inexperienced housewife to the practical painter, may select the Perfect Paint for Every Purpose and know they are getting the very best that money can buy.

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The most fashionable house colors for 1907 are

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for the body of the house, and

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Valuable alike to housewife, property owner or painter and worth a price to anyone, but sent absolutely free on request. Write for it at once.

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Speak for themselves. Our words will not do them justice—they must be worn to be appreciated.

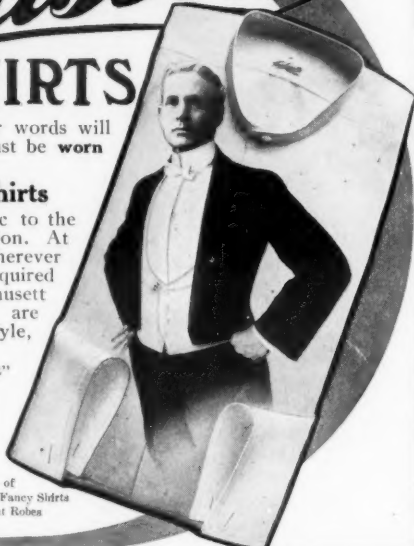
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conform in style, fit and fabric to the most exacting demands of Fashion. At the opera, ball or dinner—wherever faultless evening dress is required—particular men wear Wachusett Dress Shirts because they are recognized as the acme of style, comfort and durability.

Ask your dealer for "Wachusett" make. Booklet free.

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By the Brooks System of full size patterns and illustrated instructions.

Patterns of all Rowboats and Canoes, \$1.50 to \$2. Launches and Sailboats, 20 feet and under, \$4 to \$5. From 21 to 30 feet inclusive, \$5 to \$10.

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Free illustrated catalogue quotes prices on other patterns, knock down frames with patterns to finish, and complete knock down boats—launches, sailboats—rowboats and canoes.

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the modern device that is revolutionizing cooking methods the world over. You simply have no idea what a change you can bring about in palatable cooking, time, labor and fuel saving by the use of our Ideal Steam Cooker until you read this book.

Reduces fuel bill 50 per cent; food bills fully 25. The Ideal comes in both round and square shapes—both have WHISTLES to warn when water is needed.

Cooks a whole meal for the whole family, meats, vegetables, custards, everything over one burner of any stove. No watching, no waiting; nothing overdone or underdone. Holds 12 one-quart jars for canning fruit.

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Are The Fastest and Safest Boats Built

They are built of smooth, pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat. The smooth, steel hull has handsome lines and glides through the water with the least possible resistance—they are faster, more durable, and safer—they don't crack, leak, dry out or sink—are elegant in design and finish.

The Mullins Steel Motor Boats have revolutionized motor boat building, and are superior in every way to wooden motor boats. They are equipped with Mullins Reversible Engines, so simple in construction, and so dependable that a boy can run them, and the Mullins Improved Underwater Exhaust, which makes them absolutely noiseless.

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Grinnell "Ventilated" Automobile Gloves

(PATENT PENDING)

Will Last the Season Through

The perforated back keeps the hands cool and prevents perspiration, giving perfect ventilation. Grinnell Gloves are soft and pliable, and all adjustments about the machine can be made with them on as well as with the bare hand.

Made of our famous "Reindeer" Leather, tough and strong, yet soft as velvet, and will dry out like new after washing. Tan, Black or Gray. The "Rist-fit" gauntlet holds the cuff up, keeps out dirt, and prevents sagging.

SENT ON APPROVAL We want to prove that the Grinnell Gloves for men or women are the best made—better than ordinary \$5.00 and \$10.00 gloves. Tell us your size and dealer's name, and we will send you a pair on approval. "Ventilated" and unlined—\$2.50 and up, per pair. "Unventilated" (without perforations), \$1.50 or wool lined, \$2.50 and up, per pair.

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We equip our vehicles with bodies to suit your special requirements.
PRICE, \$2000

The Rapid Idea

A car for every Commercial purpose

Every car guaranteed for one year.
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Hotel Bus, 16 passenger

RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO. H. T. HENRY, Sales Manager PONTIAC, MICH., U. S. A.

Twelve-passenger Sight-Seeing Car

lockout. While he was speaking, the coal miners of British Columbia and Alberta were preparing to throw down their picks and shut the mines. When they were accused of violating the law they explained that they were not striking, but merely "ceasing to work." What was especially ominous, many of them left the country as soon as they had drawn their last pay. They did not look for other jobs, because they felt sure that with the coal mines closed the other industries would have to close too. There were substantially no reserves of coal in the regions dependent upon these mines, and as soon as operations were suspended the pinch of scarcity was felt all along the line of the Canadian Pacific, from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean. Some establishments shut down at once and others began to run on coal dust. The railroad itself was so short of fuel that it appeared probable that it would have to stop hauling non-perishable freight if the tie-up lasted for any length of time. Attempts to settle the difficulty by private negotiations failed, and on April 25 the Conciliation Board appointed under the new law, with Sir William Mulock as chairman, began an investigation. Meanwhile there was a widely expressed demand that if the deadlock should persist the Government should take possession of the coal mines and operate them in the public interest. Fortunately when the authorities explained the situation to the miners they decided to return to work pending the investigation, so that the crisis is postponed if not averted.

OPENING THE JAMESTOWN FAIR

A splendid array of fighting ships and a Presidential lecture



THE Jamestown Exposition was formally opened by President Roosevelt on April 26, the day appointed, in defiance of all traditions about Friday luck, and notwithstanding the fact that nothing except the always-ready naval and military services was prepared for business. The great feature of the day was the naval display, which surpassed anything the Western Hemisphere had ever accomplished in that line. The Atlantic Fleet under Rear Admiral Evans was there with thirty-eight vessels, sixteen of them first-class battleships—by far the most powerful armada ever assembled under the American flag. It was a force that could easily have destroyed the combined fleets of Togo and Rojstvensky in the Sea of Japan. There were nine foreign warships—a squadron of four British armored cruisers, an armored cruiser and a protected cruiser from Germany, two vessels of similar types from Austria-Hungary, and a training ship from the Argentine Republic.

Some of the persecuted financial interests centring in Wall Street had been looking forward hopefully to President Roosevelt's speech. They had nursed the belief that something might be said which would be of advantage to the stock market. They suffered a sad disappointment, and stocks sold off when the speech was published. The President devoted most of his attention to a philosophical account of our early history, showing the effect of the various strains of European blood and of the circumstances of pioneer life upon our national character. Toward the end he did have something to say about present conditions, but it contained no material for a stock boom. He reminded us that our enormous prosperity had brought with it enormous evils, and exhorted us to "try to cut out these evils without at the same time destroying our well-being itself." This was an era of combination, both of capital and of labor, and each kind of combination could do good, but must be opposed when it did ill. Our greatest problem was how to exercise such control over the business use of vast wealth as would insure its not being used against the interest of the public, while yet permitting such ample legitimate profits as would encourage individual initiative. We must treat every man on his own merits, neither permitting the poor to plunder the rich nor the rich to exploit the poor. "This great Republic of ours," exclaimed the President, "shall never become the government of a plutocracy and it shall never become the government of a mob."

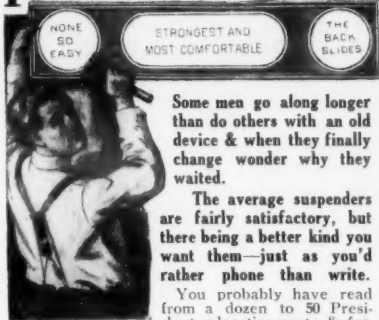


A FAMOUS DEMAGOGUE GONE

Denis Kearney, the original sand-lotter, dies in obscurity in California

DENIS KEARNEY died at Alameda, California, on April 24. An illiterate Irish drayman, he had impressed himself not only upon American politics and legislation, but upon the English language. "Kearneyism" and "sand-lotter" are two words that he added to our vocabulary thirty years ago. In the middle seventies the terrible depression that led in the East to the railroad strikes and riots of 1877 was aggravated in California by a variety of special causes. The newly opened transcontinental railroads had suddenly exposed the sheltered local industries to Eastern competition. The gold mines were declining and the vineyards and orchards had not yet sufficiently developed to take their place. But above all hordes of Chinese were coming in, and the excited imaginations of the Californian workers saw the whole four hundred millions of China ready to precipitate themselves upon California's unguarded shores. Working men and idlers began to gather in thousands upon the "Sand-lots" in front of the San Francisco City Hall and listen to incendiary speeches. At once Kearney sprang into leadership there. He had all the qualities that could tickle a mob. Rough, of unbridled tongue, a coarser Tillman in speech, he had a knack of apt, pointed expression, and he was not above using harangues written for him by brighter men. His phrases became war-cries. He condensed the demands of the anti-Chinese agitators into the four words: "The Chinese must go!" Charles Crocker had enraged the masses by building a thirty-foot "spite fence" around three sides of the home of a man who had refused to sell out to him. Kearney gave his followers a slogan in three words: "Burn

President Suspenders



Some men go along longer than do others with an old device & when they finally change wonder why they waited.

The average suspenders are fairly satisfactory, but there being a better kind you want them—just as you'd rather phone than write.

You probably have read from a dozen to 50 President advertisements & forgot to ask for President suspenders.

Presidents are the easiest strong & strongest easy suspenders. They rest so lightly on the shoulders you can't feel them—the back slides with every move, relieving all strain.

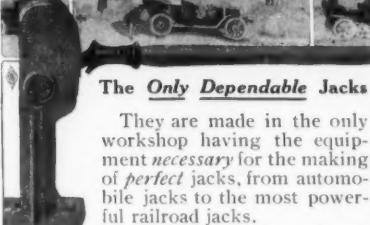
No pulling at the waistband—your trousers stay smooth. No leather ends to stain your shirt, & President ends are stronger than leather ends.

Light, Medium and Heavyweight. Extra long for big men. Special size for youths and boys.

If you can't get Presidents in your city buy of us by mail. After 3 days' wear, if unsatisfactory, return for your money. Try your home stores first. 50c. a pair.

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The Only Dependable Jacks

They are made in the only workshop having the equipment necessary for the making of perfect jacks, from automobile jacks to the most powerful railroad jacks.

To trust the safety of your car to any other jack, which can be only a cheap imitation of the "Barrett," is to invite accident and delay.

The buying of any jack not having the name "Barrett" cast in the socket is a confession of professional innocence.

—STRONG statements—but TRUE!

If it is attempted to sell you an inferior jack, write to us direct, and you will be promptly supplied with a genuine "Barrett."

Catalogue free on request

THE DUFF MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Exclusive Makers of "Barrett" Jacks
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No. 504—Extra large English Oxford, black bear grain leather, handstitched frame, two handles, French edge, handstitched corners, leather lined, three inside pockets. 18 inches, \$18.00.

The A-B-C of Travel Economy

The cost of traveling equipment is measured by the length of its life. The A-B-C kind is always a bargain. It lasts longer and keeps its modest elegance better in the face of rough traveling than any other make. Skilled and artistic workmanship show in every line—workmanship that would not be wasted on poor material.

Write for our free book "Tips to Travelers," showing many new and novel articles manufactured by us.

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Largest Makers of Traveling Equipment in the World.
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This mark guarantees quality and service.

This Outfit Given With Suit Ordered

A fine Hat, any shape or color . . . \$2.50
A pair of stylish Lace Shoes, the new Queen last . . . 2.50
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Thousands of men pay daily for this . . . \$8.00



To introduce our famous made to measure tailoring we make this unequalled offer of a Thibet, Worsted or Cassimere Suit made to your measure in the latest Sack Style, well made and durably trimmed, for only \$9. Equal to your local tailor's \$20 suit and give you the above complete outfit. Send us your name and address and we will send you

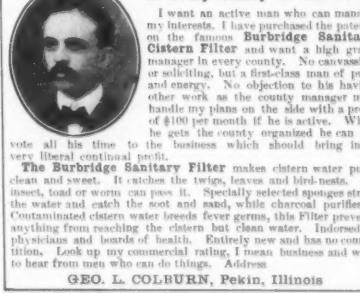
FREE SAMPLES of cloth, fashion plate, tape line, pictures of outfit, and measurement blank for size of Suit, Hat, Shoes and Shirt, which we give with each suit ordered.
Send no money but write today to
The Gents' Complete Outfitting Co.
Dept. 20 161 Market Street, CHICAGO
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The grasp of the clasp is easy. It's flat—the only absolutely flat clasp garter is the Brighton. Millions of men know this—buy them and wear them. The wear is there, and they cost only a quarter a pair. Remember it.
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Free SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS



No other Shot Gun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. \$4.00 to \$7.00. Hammerless. Every modern improvement. Nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's free.
UNION FIRE ARMS CO., Manufacturers, Desk C, TOLEDO, O.

"BECK-IDEN"

Send us Your Name
and address, so we can
write you about
THE PERFECT LIGHT
for the SUMMER HOME

When people live pretty much out of doors, the question of artificial light might seem of minor importance, were it not for three facts:

1. Everyone uses some form of light.
2. Most artificial illuminants are more or less dangerous.
3. Most summer homes are built of quick-burning materials.

THE BECK-IDEN is a handsome, portable, bronze lamp, burning its own gas, which it makes only as fast as needed. It is clean, odorless and smokeless. It has no wick, chimney, oil or mantle. **AND NO DANGERS** like oil lamps, crossed wires, or leaky pipes. Nothing to "burn out" or attract lightning in thunder storms.

GIVES TWELVE TIMES MORE LIGHT than city gas, at about half the cost. Its tiny white flame does not perceptibly heat, nor does it burn the oxygen out of the air.

We also make a **PORTABLE OUTDOOR LIGHT** useful for illuminating lawns, drives, stables, etc. Easily moved from place to place, as desired. Don't live in the dark about The Perfect Light. Write today; ask for Booklet & Address **BECK-IDEN LAMP CO.**, 80 University Place, New York City Also Montreal, Canada.

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25 and 50 Cents

"CROWN MAKE"
CAST-OFF.

"KLEINERT'S"
RUBBER GRIP

"KLEINERT-CROWN" GARTERS
Made with "KLEINERT'S" Flexible Rubber Grip and "Crown Make" patent stud (cast-off) fastener, the two most essential features of any good Garter.

No slipping. No tearing of Hosiery.
No unfastening of grip or Cast Off.
Sample Pair Marketed at **25¢ (White Color)**
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781-783-785-787 Broadway, New York.



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THE HAWKEYE
REFRIGERATOR BASKET
will keep your lunch cool and
palatable throughout the warmest
summer day. It is neat and dur-
able. Size:
18 x 10 x 8 inches deep, \$3.50;
20 x 13 x 10 inches deep, \$3.75.
Special sizes for Autos. Ask
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SEND US 25 CENTS

To pay express charges, and we will deliver prepaid to your address, a good brush and a sample can of

ROGERS STAINFLOOR FINISH
the best Floor Finish made and also the best general finish for Furniture and all Interior Woodwork. Contents of can will cover 20 square feet, two coats. Mention color wanted: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany Green or Transparent. Stamps accepted.

ROGERS STAINFLOOR FINISH
makes old floors look new; makes all floors and all woods look beautiful; gives a highly artistic finish to painted as well as unpainted woods; does not obscure the grain like paint; is far more durable than varnish; shows neither heel marks nor scratches; is not affected by water; can be applied by anybody. Booklet Free.

Dept. G

Detroit White Lead Works, Detroit, Mich.

Mexican Palm Leaf Hat 50¢

Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico from palm fiber. Double weave, durable and light weight, with colored design in brim. Retail at \$1. Postpaid for 50¢, 2 for 90¢. To introduce our Mexican hats and draw- work. Same hat, plain, 40¢; both for 75¢. Large, medium and small sizes. Fine for fishing, outings and gardening. Art Catalog of Mexican Sombroses free. **THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. C & E, 800 Park St. N. E.** Largest Retailers Indian Mexican Handicraft in World.

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SEND FOR THEMATIC LIST TO
Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston.

For Every Musical Household.

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Crocker's fence!" Twice imprisoned, he had the distinction of causing the Vigilantes of 1856 to reorganize to oppose him. He inspired the creation of a Workingmen's Party which for a few years was a power in the politics of California, and which furnished the driving force that enabled the State to secure a constitution containing many ideas then revolutionary, but now part of the general body of advanced thought. His Chinese agitation forced the National Government to adopt the policy of exclusion, whose consequences are still unfolding. But as he was only an agitator and not a thinker Kearney's influence could not be permanent. In later years he drifted into political relations with the Southern Pacific Railroad, and that ended him as a popular leader.



RHODE ISLAND'S VACANT CHAIR

*Mr. Aldrich will have only one vote
in the Senate for a year to come*

RHODE ISLAND has taken the place of Delaware as the awful example of the possibilities inherent in the present system of electing United States Senators. On April 23, the Legislature adjourned, after three months of futile balloting, without choosing a successor to Senator Wetmore. Eighty-one ballots had been taken, twenty-five of them on the last day. On the final line-up Colonel R. H. Goddard, the Democratic and Independent candidate, had forty-one votes, Colonel Samuel P. Colt, Republican, thirty-nine, and Senator George P. Wetmore, Republican, thirty. With almost a two-thirds majority, the Republicans were unable to unite, and the Democratic minority held the balance of power. On the day before the final contest Boss Brayton, whose presence in the State Capitol had been a continuing scandal, had called together the executive committee of his Republican State Committee and had it pass a resolution ordering the Republican members of the Legislature to support Colt as the regular Republican candidate. Only one Wetmore man paid any attention to the decree of the boss, whose failure has left him a political cripple. Although Colonel Goddard was an independent Republican, he had the hearty support of the Democrats, and a continuance of the alliance is foreshadowed by the prompt action of the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, who issued a call as soon as the Legislature adjourned for a meeting of the committee to consider the question of calling a State Convention to nominate a United States Senator. It is understood that if the convention is held it will offer the nomination to Colonel Goddard. The Goddard forces in the late Legislature, although constituting only thirty-seven per cent of the membership of that body, represented sixty-seven per cent of the population of the State, while the supporters of the two Republican candidates, forming sixty-three per cent of the Legislature, represented only thirty-three per cent of the population. The reform of the rotten constitutional system that makes such anomalies possible is the chief issue now before the people of Rhode Island, and the battle for fair representation is already under way.

BEHIND THE RUSSIAN CURTAIN

*The Duma discloses some of the dark secrets
at which the world before has had to guess*




THE Russian Duma has shown that even if its legislative power should remain sterile, it would not be useless. The existence of one place free from the censor, whose minute vigilance extends even to the point of blacking out Russian references in this harmless department of COLLIER'S, would alone be of priceless value to Russia. If the truth can be openly told in one spot it will percolate everywhere.

On April 23 the Duma put the Russian people into possession of some gruesome facts which the censor would never have allowed to reach them if there had been no Parliament to draw aside the curtain. It listened to a report submitted by the commission it had appointed to investigate the alleged torture of political prisoners at Riga. The sickening revelations brought out in this inquiry surpassed the wildest imaginings of the bureaucracy's enemies. It was shown that indescribable tortures had been inflicted systematically, under the direction of a special committee, and that many prisoners had been executed without trial, by order of the Governor, with the knowledge of the administrative authorities. Not only men but women and little children were tortured to death in ways too hideous to describe, and in some cases the victims were kept alive in torment for eight or ten days. The Government had to admit that most of the charges in the report were true, and the Duma was informed that the Minister of the Interior had instituted an inquiry and ordered the prosecution of officials found guilty of torturing prisoners.

In the face of these terrible disclosures the reactionary campaign against Parliament as a useless talking machine is seriously handicapped. On the day on which the report of the investigating commission was read the Czar gave an audience to M. Golovin, the President of the Duma, welcoming him in state, congratulating him upon the work of the popular assembly, and assuring him of his confidence that the Ministry would be able to cooperate with the Duma. At the same time he criticized the license allowed to the enemies of the Government, and President Golovin later displayed more strictness in this regard. A little rift among the advanced elements in Parliament appeared when the Polish Nationalist members, forty-six strong, introduced a bill providing for autonomy for Poland and the Constitutional Democrats displayed an unexpected unwillingness to accept it.

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Since the scientific handling and preservation of milk, originated by Gail Borden in the early '50's, the use of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has become general; but for those purposes, where an unswetened milk is preferred, Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fills every requirement.—Adde.



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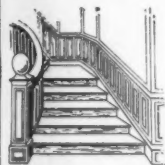
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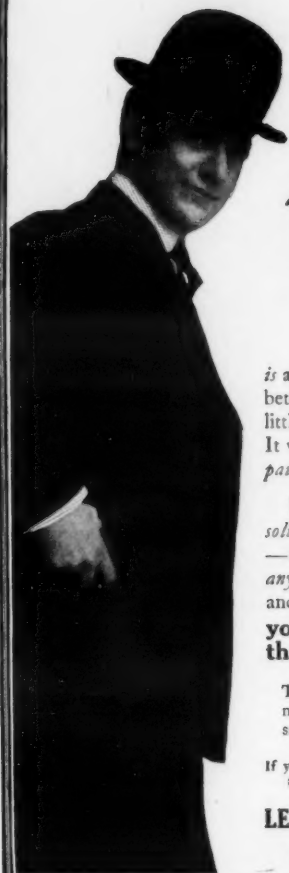
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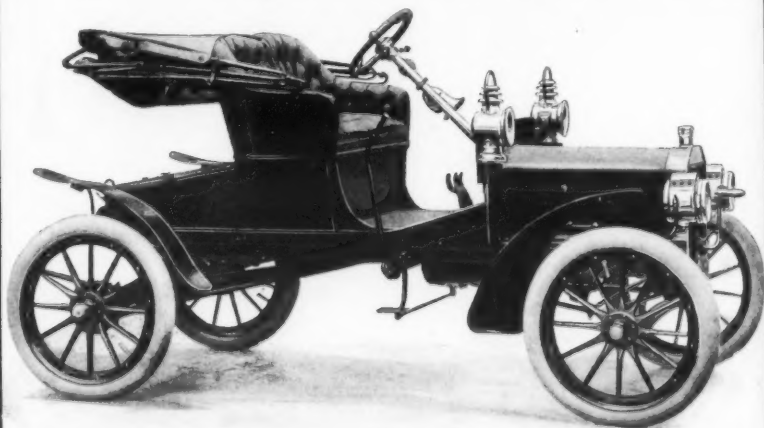
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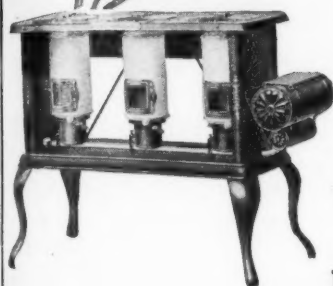
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CRANK and SUPER-CRANK An Automobile Drama



Cast of Characters

BIGGENOUGH—Who knows enough to be unhappy.
BLUFFINGTON—Who wants to know more.
PLAINLEY—Who tells him.

Act I

SCENE—In front of Biggenough's private Automobile stable. Biggenough discovered in shirt-sleeves. Inspecting a worn-out tire; and a bill for gasoline.

Bigg—Tires, tires, tires! It beats the deuce how these tires go to pieces! And Gee Wniz,—What a gasoline bill! If this keeps on, I'll have to buy a rubber plantation and an oil well. And that infernal brake—

Bluff—(Entering) Hullo, Biggenough. How are you getting on?

Bigg—Do you see me getting on anything?

Bluff—I mean how are things going?
Bigg—They're going to the devil, mostly. (Shows bill) Look at that bill. Straight to the devil!

Bluff—O, I wondered where you got your gasoline.

Bigg—Eh? What?



Bluff—It has such an unholy smell.

Bigg—I tell you tires are no joke. They've cost me three hundred dollars so far this season. My car plays the very dickens with tires.

Bluff—I thought you had a splendid car.
Bigg—It's splendid all right, but the splendor comes high. I'm not running a mint.

Bluff—Why, you told me you got a lot for your money.

Bigg—I guess I did;—a lot of trouble.
Bluff—You said the car loomed up like a house.

Bigg—It looms up like a poor-house about now. Why, yesterday going down Cupp's Hill my side of the road was so wet and slippery my brakes wouldn't hold me. I just slid and coasted the whole way down,—barely missed hitting a trolley car; And then at the bottom of the hill, I was taken in for exceeding the speed limit.

Bluff—That was tough.

Bigg—That wasn't the worst of it. They pinched Plainley at the same time on the same hill.

Bluff—Plainley the air-cooled Franklin crank?

Bigg—Yes, we were both fined in the same breath; the same amount; for the same offense.

Bluff—That's funny.

Bigg—Not so blamed funny for me. He was going up hill and I was coming down.

Bluff—No wonder you're sore.

Bigg—There he is now. I'll bet he's coming around just to rub it in.
Bluff—Well, I'd like to talk to him. His Franklin people have been making some fearful cracks in the papers lately. I just want him to show me.

(Enter Plainley—the Franklin dealer, in his Type D. Gets out of his car.)

Bluff—(to Plainley) Say now—What's all this rot I read in the papers about Franklin horse-power and Franklin luxury, and Franklin this, that and the other? What's this Type D you brag so much about, anyway?

Plain—There it is. (Shows the car.)

Bluff—Gamey-looking car. How much?

Plain—Twenty-eight hundred.

Bluff—What's the power?

Plain—Twenty Franklin horse-power.

Bluff—There you go again. Same old gag. Why can't you talk sense? What's the difference between Franklin-horse-power and any other horse-power?

Plain—The difference is what it does.

Bluff—Well, what does this Type D do?

Plain—Carries five people 45 miles an hour—on the level.

Bluff—What's on the level? the road or the statement?

Plain—Both. That is actual speed on a level road.

Bluff—Look here now—That's an awful break of yours, in your advertising—to call that Type D better than a five-thousand-dollar car. I'll pass you with a Big Ben Bow car any day. Here's a hundred-case note that says so. (Peels a bill off his roll.)

Plain—(Strips a note from his own wad.) In a good five-thousand-dollar car on a smooth level road you'll sometimes pass me; but on average roads I'll overhaul you nine times in ten. And in a day's run—say from here to Hopetown—take five people (with Mrs. Bluffington in the tonneau) in any car that five thousand dollars will buy, and I'll get there first. If your money has anything to say to that, you're on.

Bluff—I certainly am. We'll try it tomorrow. (They hand money to Biggenough.) But if you think my wife is scared at a little speed, that's where you drop your watermelon and find a couple of lemons.

Plain—No, I don't mean that at all. I'll tell you presently just what I mean.
Bluff—I hate to take your money. It's like robbing an orphan fund.

Plain—You'll feel easier tomorrow night.

Bluff—But man alive! You claim the earth for twenty-eight hundred dollars. It isn't in reason.

Bigg—O, he claims the whole Solar System and the Milky Way.

Plain—But I don't water it. I will take five people out on the road in my Type D and give them more mileage; more safety; more luxury, more everything you want in a motor-car than you'll find in any five-thousand-dollar car you can shake a sick at except a Franklin.

Bluff—Hold on! One thing at a time. If your Type D has such a deuce of a lot of power, why don't you call it a "thirty" or a "forty"?

Plain—Because it isn't. The engine is small.

Bluff—Then how do you get so much out of it?

Plain—By keeping the cylinders cool; by saving compression; by not overweighting the car; by not bumping the power out of it on rough roads; by—

Bluff—Wait a minute. How do you pre-

tend to cool your big cars without water?

Plain—We don't pretend. We do it.

Our six-cylinder thirty was driven over four thousand miles across America in fifteen days without overheating. No water-cooled car big or little was ever driven that hard, and that long. We cooled the same car well enough to go back and take the Chicago to New York record away from the water-coolers. And 500 miles of that run was made without a fan.

it costs to move a heavy car around.

Bigg—Well, I rather guess I do. (Shakes his gasoline bills and tire bills in the air.) I'm getting these infernal bills every half-hour all day.

Bluff—And he dreams of 'em nights, after he retires.

Bigg—Yes, drat 'em! With the accent on the tires.

Bluff—But another thing, Plainley. You put up a big talk about luxury. I'd like to

know where you have it on Biggenough's car for luxury.

Bigg—Well I should remark! The upholstery in my car is the finest stuff ever put into an automobile. I took my wife out on the avenue Wednesday, and she said it was like riding in a palace car—except where the trolley tracks cross, and on that patch of cobbles up by the bridge.

Plain—Are the trolley tracks still there?

Bigg—There? Of course they're there, confound 'em!

Plain—And the cobbles patch?

Bigg—Certainly, and it is an outrage in a civilized town that—

Plain—Never mind the outrage. You can cuss the tracks and the cobbles till you're black in the face. They are there. And so are the rough spots out on the country roads. The point is: What do you do about it?

Bigg—O, the rough places slow my engine up a little, of course; and I ease up a bit anyway when my wife is in the tonneau. I don't mind it, but she feels the bumping some.

Plain—Of course she feels it. And it gives her a lot more discomfort than she ever lets on to you. In a steel-frame car the metal sends every shock shivering through the whole machine, and up your spine. It knocks the power out of your engine; and for comfort's sake you can't use even what power you've got.

Bluff—Well, you can't help that on any car.

IN TWO ACTS

Bluff—Well, how do you do it?

Plain—We let seventy per cent. of the burnt gas out through the auxiliary exhaust before it has a chance to heat up the cylinder.

Bluff—But your power and your compression go out through that same valve.

Plain—No they don't. The valve doesn't open till the explosion is all spent. And on the compression-stroke that outlet is completely covered by the piston itself.

Bluff—How about your other thirty per cent. of dead gas?

Plain—That goes out through the main exhaust on top of the cylinder. And it's so cool, you can hold your hand over it. This valve is never burnt. We lose no compression that way. The cylinder is so cool it takes in a big charge. And you can see there isn't much heat left to get rid of. It's easy to get rid of that from the outside of the cylinder right into the air. Here's the point: Franklin air-cooling does the work because we give it mighty little work to do.

Bluff—I just guess you have to.

Plain—You guess right. We do a lot of good things because we have to. We had to refine our engine down till now it gets more work out of a gallon of gasoline than any other engine ever built.

Bluff—The water-coolers don't have to.

Plain—They think they don't. They're like the fighters that think they don't have to train, till they find they're licked.

Bluff—O, don't be so cocky. You haven't licked everybody yet. Where do you come in on the big races?

Plain—We don't come in. Franklins are not racing cars. I'm talking about touring. You can't have real fun touring in a car that is too heavy to be handy. And if you have all the water-cooling contraptions to carry, your car has got to be heavy.

Bluff—What does your Type D weigh, anyhow?

Plain—Only 1000 pounds. And there isn't a stronger car made. Look at that drive-shaft. That stands a strain of 154,000 pounds and keeps its shape. Yet it's only $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch square and weighs only 8 pounds. The drive-shaft on Biggenough's car is 2 inches square and weighs 40 pounds; but it won't stand the strain that mine will. Same way all over the car. Look at his brakes. They wouldn't hold his car yesterday. It is too heavy.

Bigg—O, well, that was an accident.

Plain—Exactly. And the heavier your car, the more likely that sort of an accident is to happen. And the worse when it happens. That trolley car would have damaged your car a lot worse than it would mine. We had to make the strongest kind of a car; and we did. Your weight doesn't give you a single point on me in strength or safety, but just the other way. And when it comes to economy, I fancy you know by now what

know where you have it on Biggenough's car for luxury.

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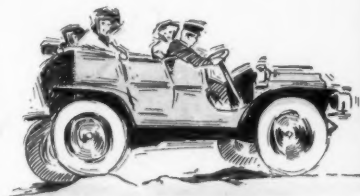
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Bluff—Well, you can't help that on any car.



Plain—But you just can help it. The wood sills in my Type D with the full springs all around, simply side-track that whole business. They save your engine-power and they save your feelings so that you can use your power with comfort. That's the best part of luxury, too—comfort. And you can't get it in any car but a Franklin. That's one reason why I'll beat you to Hopetown tomorrow if you carry Mrs. Bluffington. I know you won't torture your wife on the Hopetown Pike.

Bluff—The proof of the pudding is the chewing of the string.

Plain—Yes. That beats chewing the rag. (To Biggenough.) And if you'll go, Biggenough, I'll take you and your wife as two of my passengers, in Type D. And I'll guarantee she never feels a bump.

Bigg—If you make good on that I'll sell my car and get your blamed old Type D.

Bluff—And if you beat me to it, I'll buy a Type D myself.

(Curtain)

Act II

SCENE—Sales-room of KEENE & PLAINLEY, FRANKLIN DEALERS. Plainley, Bluffington, Biggenough and Type D discovered. Biggenough hands money to Plainley, who holds it up.

All—(Pointing to the money) Hear that!
(Curtain)

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